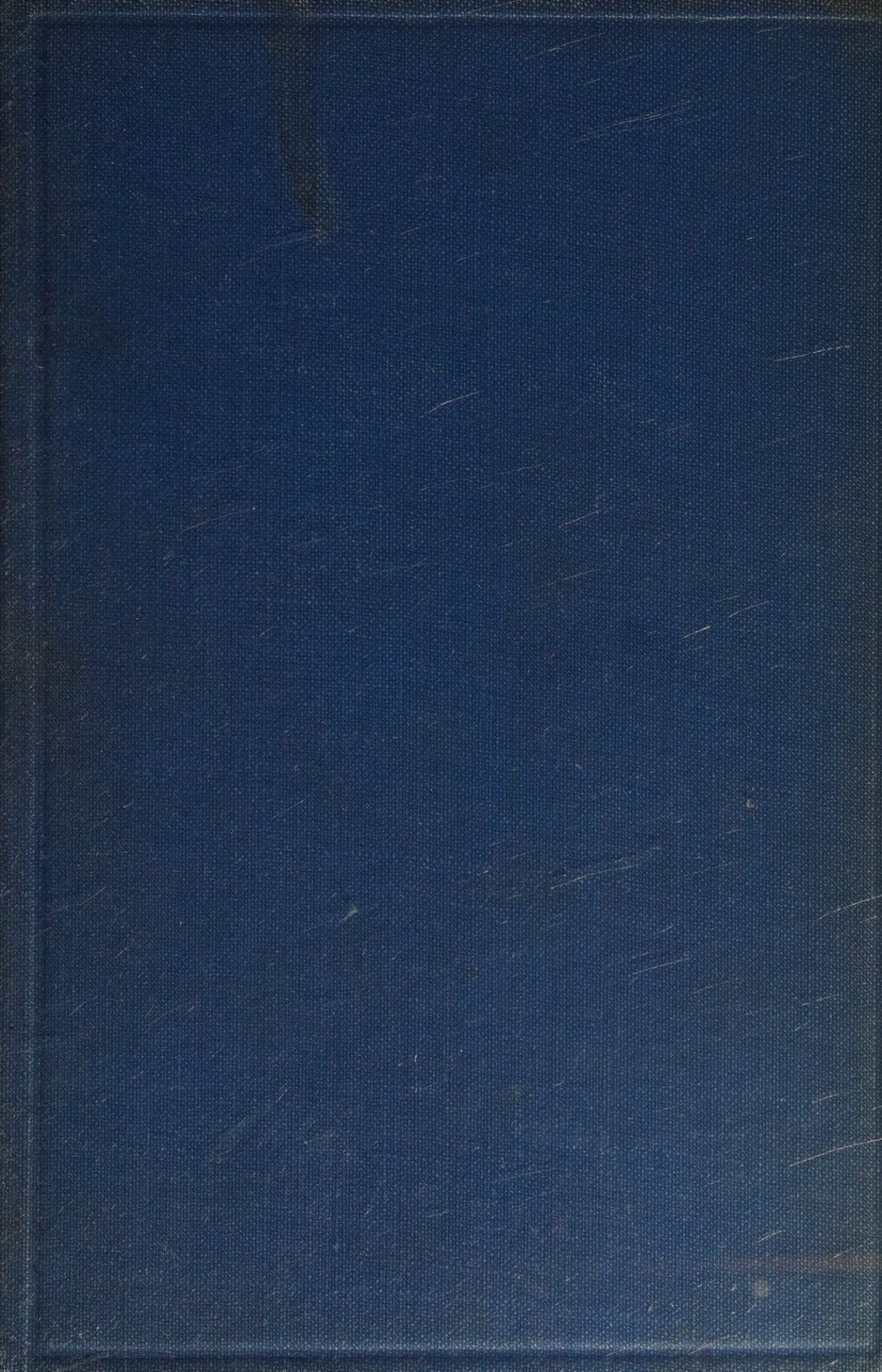




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THE NEW QUEST

BY RUFUS M. JONES

THE BOY JESUS AND HIS COMPANIONS
FINDING THE TRAIL OF LIFE
FUNDAMENTAL ENDS OF LIFE
THE INNER LIFE
THE LIFE AND MESSAGE OF GEORGE FOX
ST. PAUL THE HERO
A SERVICE OF LOVE IN WAR TIME
SPIRITUAL ENERGIES IN DAILY LIFE
STORY OF GEORGE FOX
THE WORLD WITHIN
NEW STUDIES IN MYSTICAL RELIGION

THE NEW QUEST

By

RUFUS M. JONES

Litt.D.; D.D.; D.Theol.; LL.D.

*Professor of Philosophy, Haverford College,
Haverford, Pennsylvania*

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

* * * * *

"I remember well

One journey, how I feared the track was missed,
So long the city I desired to reach
Lay hid; when suddenly its spires afar
Flashed through the circling clouds; you may conceive
My transport. Soon the vapors closed again,
But I had seen the city, and one such glance
No darkness could obscure."

—BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

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I

THE NEW QUEST

THE NEW QUEST

I

THE NEW QUEST

THE "seeker" is not a new phenomenon, though the type of quest alters from age to age. He is not a modern novelty. Wherever there are any records which reveal the deeper nature of man he is always found engaged in a quest for something besides food and shelter and a mate. Man by his fundamental nature is a "seeker." He goes out like Abraham from Ur not knowing whither he is bound—looking eagerly for a city with God-built foundations. There is a mysterious push within which sets him on a quest as irresistible as that of the migrating bird. Gradually there is formed, as the result of the "findings," an organization, a social structure, which accumulates and gathers up the revelations, the discoveries, the insights, the wisdom, the common experiences of the group past and present, and for a time this temporary system, or institution, which preserves the gains of the past—the thoughts, the faiths, the interpretations, the hopes,

the practices and the sacred customs—meets the needs of many and enables them to settle down and live quietly and peacefully in the structure already builded and on the manna for the soul already collected.

But man with his native outreach cannot long remain as a “parasite” living on the toils, the struggles, the sacrifices and the experiences of others. Travail pangs disturb him. Birth pains beset him. Fresh insights come to him. He discovers that the old “home” which once seemed comfortable and permanent is proving to be only a “tent,” more or less ill adapted for the new and enlarged needs that are unexpectedly thrust upon him. He becomes once more a “seeker” and adventurously pushes out on a daring and hazardous quest of his own. This is an essential part of the life story of the race. And every time the “seeker attitude” appears, the comfortable group awakes with surprise that anyone should be dissatisfied with the temporary abiding place and should be starting off on a lonely adventure in search of a city with diviner foundations. They feel something as the mother bird must feel when she finds an odd cuckoo that has hatched out in the nest, but which, nevertheless, shows none of the easier habits of the nest clan.

We may as well take it for granted that “seekers” are an essential and necessary part of the race.

They will continue as long as there are push, growth, vitality and germinative power in the blood and stock to which we belong. Whether the rest of us like it or not, we shall be rudely awakened by the disturbing quester and we shall be compelled to hear him say that the old tent is outgrown and that it is time to "move on." Every time the new quest occurs it comes from a unique and unexpected quarter and it breaks out in a novel and unpredictable way. It is this quality of uniqueness and surprise that makes each new adventure take on the character of a shock and a crisis. It gives the old world a thrust and a shake at a new and startling point, somewhat as an earthquake does.

The word "seeker", used to describe a religious attitude of mind, was coined in England in the early seventeenth century, though the attitude itself had been in evidence on the continent of Europe for a full century. It was a word which denoted a special and peculiar quest. It indicated a dissatisfaction with organized Christianity. It expressed a tendency to leave all existing churches, on the ground that they were all, as they then stood, inadequate for the deeper needs of the spirit and one and all out of line with the ideals of the apostolic Church, which was taken as a standard. The outstanding aspiration of these "seeker-leaders" was for a religion of personal experience and for a fresh demon-

stration of the Spirit, revealed and made evident in their own lives rather than in books and creeds and institutions. It was a new "outbreak" of an age-long expectation of a "dispensation of the Spirit." Montanists, prophets like Joachim of Fiori, spiritual Franciscans with their "eternal Gospel," expectant "Friends of God" in the fourteenth century, had all looked with hope for a new dawn, for a day-star to rise in men's hearts. They regarded everything that was outward and inherited as temporary and insufficient. They longed for what they called "the blooming of the lily," with its own peculiar fragrance and "new smell." They refused to dwell in the circumscribed limits of the old structure and they swarmed out, vaguely seeking their unknown country. They called themselves "seekers." Cromwell, who declared that "no one ever goes so far as when he does not know where he is going," once said of these people, "To be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder. Happy seeker, happy finder!"

Three centuries have gone by since the formation of "seeker-groups" in the out-of-the-way corners of England and in the new communities of Colonial America. The world to-day is a very different one from that far-away world which had little sympathy for those who were seeking for the day-star and the new smell, and scant patience with persons who

would not "conform" to recognized systems and institutions. The triumphs of science, the growth of historical knowledge, the invention of machinery, the progress of industry, the expansion of cities, the increase of the ease and speed of travel, the accumulation of wealth, and many other co-operative causes, have brought change of outlook, an immense secularization of life, an impatience with old institutions, a slackening of interest in inherited systems. The mere momentum of the past no longer carries a movement forward as it once did. We are plainly enough in a transition epoch, which as is always true of such epochs is a time of crisis for spiritual truths and fundamental values. There is always danger that, while the old dross is being purged away, much of the precious metal may go with the dross; or, to use another figure, there is danger that the living baby may be thrown out with the bath!

Fortunately, once more, as has often happened in the past, there are very many serious "seekers" in the world to-day. Their attitude is not as clearly defined as was that of the seventeenth-century "seekers," who became for the most part "happy finders." The variety of "seekers" to-day is very great and diverse. For the most part, however, they are persons who have outgrown ancient formulations and become dissatisfied with crystallized institutions and inelastic systems, and who are eager for fresh and

vital ways of life and thought. In a word, they are *seekers for reality*. They would listen on their knees to anyone who could exhibit genuine credentials to show that he had found a living, convincing way into the Heart of Things. The eagerness is so great and the "seeker attitude" so strong that second-rate and even spurious guides get their thousands of followers. The pathos of this eager pursuit is a touching and moving spectacle.

This situation should open the eyes of the leaders in the Christian churches. The unsettlement of the times is not in the main perverse or "defeative." It is due to an honest and a widespread search for reality and for soul-convincing truth. The straw of controversy appeals to no appetite in serious persons to-day. Spectacular methods fall flat. The secular press and the motion picture can outbid the pulpit in the way of spice, sentimentalism or hysteria. There is nothing whatever that can take the place in the religious field of faithful interpretation of the character, the life, the love and the real presence of God. The "seeker" to-day, as of old, wants fresh insight, first-hand experience, the demonstration of the Spirit, a dynamic religion, a way of life that is transforming and revitalizing, that creates a spiritual person and builds a new social order in the world. The day-star in the heart and the new smell everywhere in the world express, though the figures are

ancient, what the "seeker" to-day desires most—reality in his own soul and a spiritual fragrance of life around him.

These essays that follow no doubt fall far short of the ideal as interpretations of reality and of fragrance. But they are honest attempts to "speak to the condition" of the time. They seek to bolster up no sacred scheme or system. They defend no *status quo*, nor any pet theory. They reveal the bent and temper of one of the present-day "seekers" who feels a real conviction that he is in some degree one of Cromwell's "happy finders." I am writing not to relieve a restless mind, but because I love a quest; I enjoy the "seeker" attitude and I believe that there is truth, if not a Holy Grail, to be found at the end of the quest. In any case, I agree with the saying usually attributed to Lessing: "If I had truth in my right hand and the search after truth in my left hand, and had to choose between them, I should choose the left hand."

II

THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEEPS

II

THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEEPS

I

MOUNT SHASTA REVISITED

I HAVE just passed over one of the most wonderful railroad journeys in the world, the four-hour ride around the base of Mount Shasta in California. We zigzagged up the canyon of the Sacramento River and kept catching distant views of the giant, and then we came upon the great plain from which the mountain rises sheer into the blue sky. The plain at its highest point is 3,380 feet above sea level, while the mountain itself soars 11,000 feet higher still. There it stands, snow-covered, in its solitary grandeur, isolated and alone. There are plenty of mountains higher than Shasta, but they are part of high ranges and have companions in glory. For the most part great mountains spring out of mountain systems and are supported by groups of lower peaks, but here there are no fellows; there is one stupendous thrust of the earth

into the sky. It is the best the earth has done in one sheer effort. But it is not the earth alone that makes Shasta the uniquely beautiful thing it is. It is a combination of earth and sky that produces the striking effect. In a thick and foggy air it would not be the surprise and wonder that it is. Here the air has an astonishing degree of visibility and transparency. The sky is a perfect dome of blue and the mountain rises into it and seems to be a part of it, as though they were eternally and indissolubly joined together. The above and the below are fused into a single unit of beauty.

All the way around the lonely shaft of snow I have been reading a new Life of Abraham Lincoln, and I have been thinking of him as another kind of solitary peak. His life is marked throughout by that peculiar mystery which characterizes supreme types of genius. There is nothing in his pedigree or in his environment that accounts for the loftiest reaches of his achievements. The more details we get about his education and upbringing the more we are amazed at what he was and did. We can explain how he came to be so tall and so awkward; we can tell why he blacked his own boots and told rustic, humorous stories with country grocery-store flavor, but we cannot tell how he was able to write and speak the most perfect English our language has produced, or how he was able to pilot his nation

through the supreme crisis of its history and how, through all the mists and confusions, he could see the bearing of moral principles with an almost infallible inner vision. He rose above the surrounding human level as Shasta rises above the surrounding plain of ordinary earth. He was what we have learned in recent times to call a "mutation"—i.e., something which we cannot explain in terms of inheritance or environment. Thomas Carlyle, in his grim, humorous fashion, used to make much fun of biographers who "do what they call accounting for" men of genius. Here we touch upon one of the baffling mysteries of life, as baffling almost as the origin of life itself. Something breaks through which was not here before; something emerges which has no known adequate "cause." The more we learn of Lincoln the more the inexplicable factor in his life confronts us and hushes our intellect.

Rationality keeps asserting that there are no "miracles" in the course of events, and yet we are all the time face to face with aspects of life which outrun and transcend all our naturalistic explanations and descriptions and all knowledge of origins. In every field of human thought and human interest we have Shasta peaks thrust far above the ordinary levels of life.

Christ is the greatest example of the lonely, solitary peak raised far above the surrounding human

level. Everybody in all periods of Christian history has felt this. The simple nativity narratives and the rationalistic creeds alike are trying to deal with the baffling mystery of origin. No known pedigree and no Galilean influences explain the marvelous person standing there at the headwaters of our faith. If ever there was a "mutation," surely here is one. Up to a certain point we are on the well-known levels of life and the contours of human history. He speaks the patois of the Jewish race in the first century. He uses the stock of ideas and the terminology of the age. He travels on the Roman military roads and uses coins bearing Caesar's image and superscription. He thoroughly understands the ways of a man, and He can touch the springs and stops of human nature as few others have done. His parables are drawn out of the common, ordinary experiences of everyday life on the levels where simple men and women travel. But there is something in Him which thrusts upward like Shasta above all the known levels of earth and, with hush and reverence, we know that we are beholding One who overtops and transcends all our human descriptions and explanations. How He came into our world and how He departed from it are problems which have always busied inquisitive minds. It is more important for us to learn to feel the meaning and sublimity of His life and personality, to appreciate and value His

revelation of the character of God and to follow as closely as we can the way of life which He marked out for His followers to walk. We take long expensive journeys to see Shasta and to feel its wonder and mystery; it would be well if we lived more than we do in the presence of this lofty mountain peak of Life and felt the wonder and the mystery of this divine-human Person who has shown us the way to the Father as well as the way of life on earth.

Shasta is the birthplace of great rivers. They flow in all directions from its watershed base. So, too, Christ has given rise to immense rivers of life and thought. There are no spiritual streams running over our earth which have not had their current and direction shaped and directed by Him. Other tributaries have flowed into the main stream of the centuries, but the water of life by which we refresh our struggling human spirits comes out from this lonely Peak of Life who was both of the earth and at the same time above it, both human and divine.

II

"MOUNT SINAI IN ARABIA"

We are skirting, as I write this, along the shores of the Sinaitic Peninsula, and not far away is the cold, dry peak of the sacred mountain that was

covered once with fire and smoke, and from which the Law was given to Moses. Sacred mountains have shaped the spiritual currents of many races, but surely no other mountain has had quite so much influence over the moral and religious life of man as this one has had. It stands as a permanent symbol for a moral and religious system imposed upon man from the outside and consisting largely of external commandments to be obeyed. It marks a great stage in the discipline of the race, a stage without which there can be no true spiritual freedom. But it is an incomplete and inadequate stage and must be transcended if there is to be growth and development of the soul.

No one has ever said harder things about Sinai than St. Paul said. "Hagar," he says in his fiery Galatian letter, "the bondwoman, *stands for Mount Sinai in Arabia*, bearing children for servitude. She corresponds to the present Jerusalem, for the latter is in servitude with her children. But the Jerusalem that is above is free and *she* is our mother." The external system, he means, even when it is as hallowed and consecrated as the one that came from the holy mountain, is a form of servitude. It is imposed from without. Its motive is fear. It does not train the soul to free, creative spiritual power. The product is Ishmael the slave offspring, not Isaac the free son.

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I have for some weeks now been in a depressed state of mind as I have been seeing on every hand the effect of religions that have been handed down from a remote past, taken over mechanically and carried through as a deadening system of external practices in temples and shrines. The priest grows dull and wooden, even when not sordid and corrupt. The worshiper is a pitiful figure, making his long pilgrimage and then doing some prescribed ritual which is wholly meaningless to him and which has no transforming power over his inner life. He pays his fees, he makes his sacrifice, he does what is required of him and he goes home on the same moral and spiritual level as when he came, or peradventure, a little lower. There is no lifting power in his religious performance, there is no dynamic. He lives under the dead hand of an unmeaning past. It is a pathetic spectacle. It makes temples seem to me, as Sinai seemed to St. Paul, symbols of servitude and centers of tyranny.

It has taken thousands of years and countless sacrifices to pass from Sinai to the freedom of sons of God. We passed Sinai in a few hours by ship, but it has taken the slow process of the ages to leave behind the external forms—"the yoke of bondage"—and to learn how to live by inward insight and spiritual experience. I see in living pictures of memory the throngs of men on the ghats at Benares,

or in the water of the sacred Ganges, trying to purify and cleanse their souls by ceremonial processes that are as ancient as the Vedas. I see the naked "holy man" rubbing his body with ashes and filling his tangled hair with dirt, which is prescribed as a way of purification. I see the palsied arm, the monstrous finger nails of the ascetic, the sufferer on his bed of nails. I see the devoted pilgrims crowded around the sordid images of Shiva or the monkey god saying their magical phrases, or mumbling mantras that are expected to work some wonder to the growing crops, or the sick body or the diseased soul.

It is an expensive outlay of time and strength and money. It is a yoke and burden. But the real tragedy is its emptiness and futility. It liberates nobody. It builds no moral fiber. It opens no windows of vision in the soul. It brings no interior depth. It constructs no forces to live by. There seems to be a complete lack of correlation between religious performance and *life*. Religion is something to be "done," to be "gone through," for its invisible effect on higher powers, not for its transforming and energizing effect on life and character and conduct. There is a good deal of Sinai left, even in the highest and best of religions, a good deal that is external, mechanical, and put on from the outside like a garment.

A great Indian scholar, S. Radhakrishnan, who

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has just been on a lecture tour around the world, writes as follows of Buddha and his revival of religion :

To the mass of men religion consisted in regular ceremonial, prayer and penance, purifications and prohibitions applicable to almost all relations of life. Buddha felt the hollowness of the hosts of beliefs which people were wont to regard as articles of faith. He hated that men should play the fool for nothing. He raised his voice in indignant protest against superstition and unreason and bade his disciples *cease playing with trifles and realize the spiritual laws of the world. . . .* The moral law [he adds] is not the chance invention of an exceptional mind, or the dogma of a doubtful revelation, but *the necessary expression of the truth of things.*

This is the central feature of Christ's proclamation, "The pure in heart see God," not through favoritism or special privilege but because it is an eternal law of spiritual cause and effect. "God is Spirit and they that worship Him *must* worship Him spiritually and with a sense of reality." It cannot be done by prayer wheels, or mummerly or jargon. The soul must have a vision, must *mean* what it says and does, must grow in likeness to that which it worships. Sinai has done its work of discipline. It has thundered the distinction between what is right and what is wrong. What we want now is the mountain of transfiguration with the eyes of the soul open on

the vision of God revealed in human life, not only as radiance and love, but as grace and power for the tasks of our common, everyday life.

III

SUBMERGED ENERGIES

We have just now been thinking of Mt. Shasta and the wonder and mystery of this majestic peak, towering up into the light. Now I want to write about underground mysteries and forces.

Not long ago I went to visit one of the great oil-producing centers in California. The kindly guides told me that it was the most prolific oil region in the world, but I have so many times seen and crossed the greatest, the longest and the highest bridge in the world—each time over a different river—that I have grown cautious toward this little word “most,” and so I modestly say, “great oil-producing center.” The oil wells go down here to a very great depth, some of them reaching two thousand, and even twenty-five hundred, feet. Down there, almost half a mile below the surface of the earth, this rich deposit of stored energy has been lying for ages and ages waiting to be tapped by someone who knew how to do it and who was ready to take the hazard of boring on the venture of hitting the source, for

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it must be admitted that even in this "most prolific" region many bore and do not hit!

When one does "hit," amazing results follow. Night and day, week-days and Sabbaths, the stream of oil comes up into the huge transmitting pipes. To the owner of the well it means money; to the geologist who studies it it brings a revelation of the secret of how the earth was slowly built, stratum after stratum; to the final recipient of it, it means light, heat and power to be applied as he may wish to the tasks that confront him. Here far underground, in immense cavity tanks, we have the stored up energy of the sun. It poured down on the earth millenniums ago where no one could use it, and by chemical processes which nobody then in the world noticed or knew about this energy was "canned" and neatly stowed away for later centuries. When it was first found and named "petroleum," it was mainly prized as a source of light, but now that we have tapped a richer source of energy—the electrical—for light, we prize it most as a source of driving power. The gasoline engine has revolutionized travel both upon the earth and in the air, and down below in these mighty cavity tanks lies the stuff which gives us our speed-power. At first gasoline was a dangerous explosive and played havoc with those who experimented with it, but gradually men learned how to make it explode in minute quantities, but

very rapidly, and now, instead of blowing to pieces the receptacle that holds it and sending the rash experimenter into eternity, it carries him and his car safely and rapidly from city to city and up hills and mountains which once only nimble feet could climb.

The Psalmists speak of two mysteries: the mystery of light and the mystery of darkness. One of these Psalmists says of God, "Thou coverest Thyself with light"; and another one says, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." There are the two types of wonder and mystery. In one case the mystery is due to the fact that we *see* and *know* and *have revelation*. The more we see, the more clearly we discover that there is a depth and height which go beyond us. We see enough to know that we do not see all. The revelation increases the mystery. I felt this kind of mystery as I looked on the luminous peak of Shasta. But there is also a mystery of darkness. We do not see enough to know what is there. The thing escapes us and evades us and baffles us. These underground energies may stand as a type of this darkness-mystery. But there is another and a stranger type of it and I am only using the underground oil cavity as a figure of this more important submerged energy—I mean, the submerged driving forces within our own lives. They have been discovered, in the proper sense of discovery, since petroleum was found and they have

only just begun to be interpreted. We do not even yet know how to let them "explode" gently and safely, as we have learned to do with gasoline or petrol!

It is obvious now that *thinking* is a very small part of our mental life. Important as thinking is, it would be very futile business if that were *all* we could do. Our main driving energies are deeper. They are mysterious *urges*—impulses, instincts, emotions, sentiments, loyalties, ideals and many other inarticulate and indescribable forward pushes. "Thinking" is one of those forces, but who does not know what it means to have some unconquered "urge" sweep up from below and defeat his carefully thought out purpose? There has been in our recent time a great cult of the unconscious, the submerged. It has been exploited somewhat as "oil" has been. The so-called "new psychologists" have bored their wells down into these underlying strata of the self. They have discovered many ways of tapping the unconscious and they believe they have worked a great revolution in the handling of the explosive driving-stuff within us.

I do not wish to underestimate the value of this pioneer work beneath the surface of the inner life. I only want here to insist that there still remains a vast mystery of darkness which most of the boring methods of the experiments have failed to light up.

The emphasis has been laid upon the primitive driving forces that lie deep down in us, instinctive urges and blind fear complexes. The "new psychologists" have set going a new wave of sex passion and they have given the impression that a human being is in the main a cyclonic center of erotic forces. The first gush of force that spurts up when they bore down into the lower strata is a dark, primitive urge of passion, dangerously explosive but which civilization has tried to control and make to explode in minute forms and by harmless methods!

What they have not discovered, but what is still there to be discovered, is a wholly different kind of submerged energy. Here in the inner deeps of man, down below his luminous peaks and underlying all his thinking, are upward and forward urges which link him up with the eternal Spirit and which point beyond his imperfect present self to a nobler man who is to be, in the riper times which lie before us. We are at least as much allied with God as we are with the beast; and there is just as good interior evidence for bursts of divine life within us as there is for primitive explosive passions. The wind, the lightning and the earthquake—the titanic forces—are perhaps more obvious than the still small voice. The explorers, too, have been interested in these racial thrusts and they could turn their discoveries in this direction into quicker returns, but some day the

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balance will be restored, the deeps below these deeps will be found, and there in the darkness and quiet we shall come upon impressive and convincing proof of Him, who dwells both in the darkness and in the light.

IV

A SIXTH SENSE

We always used to suppose that there are five senses—five and no more. This belief is as old as the hills, older in fact than some hills. Every now and then some one mysteriously alludes to a possible “sixth sense” as though it were an uncanny power to see in the dark, or to communicate with departed spirits, or to listen in by telepathy on one’s distant friends. Well, this sixth sense is much more real and much more commonplace than any of those unusual psychic powers. We all have a sixth sense which we use every hour and every minute of our waking life, probably also of our sleeping life. Without it we should be unable to walk, to move about, or to get on in our world at all. Without it we should be as ineffective and unpractical as idiots; as incapable of walking as wingless birds would be of flying or boneless fishes would be of swimming.

This sixth sense, which has been in operation ever since there have been men at all, is called *the*

kinaesthetic sense. It has to do with the position and movement of the limbs and joints. It is by this sense that we know where the different parts of the body are at any given time. We locate by it the crook of our knee, the bend of our elbow, the turn of our eyeball in its socket. It is by this sense that we know the weight of what we are lifting, the resistance of what we are pushing. One reason why this sense remained so long undiscovered is that it operates to a very large extent subconsciously. We are not aware that we are using it. We do not *think* about the position of our limbs, though we should quite naturally miss our leg if it dropped off at one of its joints, and we should soon wake up to our loss if a finger went off on its own hook and disappeared.

Every one of our senses has a special organ by means of which the world makes itself known to us. The end-organs of sight are infinitesimal rods and cones in the retina. For hearing, it is the organ of Corti in the inner ear. For the end-organ of taste, there are numerous papillae on the tongue and in other parts of the mouth cavity. The end-organs for this sixth sense are located in the muscles, in the tendons and in the linings of the joints. There are multitudinous tiny spindles imbedded in the muscles which report the contraction and the pull of the muscles. There are also little spindles in the

tendons which enable us to register the strain and tension when we lift or when we move. There are, too, minute sensitive corpuscles in the synovial membrane that lines the socket and covers the ball of each joint. The slightest movement of rotation or tension is felt at these sensitive surfaces. These three sets of end-organs unite to give us our sense of joint motion, of limb position, of lifting or pushing strain. We cannot move any part of our body in the least degree without a report of it through this far-flung kinaesthetic system.

If we link up with it, as we very well may, the similar sense bulbs, spindles, corpuscles which are located in the visceral parts of the body and which are the sources of our vague organic sense, then we have here a sense system of immense importance to our life and to our human interests. It is this that gives us our "at home" feeling in the body. Each part of it is reporting to our mental headquarters every minute, like incoming couriers from the fringes of a vast empire. If we found ourselves suddenly transferred to a different body, we should feel strange and alien. We should have to learn ourselves all over again. We should be like the little old woman in "Mother Goose" who woke up confused from an accident and tried to recover her identity. "I have a little dog at home," she said, "and he knows me."

If it be I he will wag his little tail,
If it be not I he will bark and he will rail.

We should all need to appeal to our dog for a certificate of identity if we lost contact with this sixth sense of ours. When it is out of gear we have hysteria and other troubles of a sad and serious sort. It is, too, the physical basis of our emotions. We see a dangerous object, a robber or a bandit, or a bear, and instantly there is a commotion throughout the entire body. The heart changes beat, the tension of the arteries alters, the breathing is affected, the glands are thrown into function, the capillaries change their size, the muscles become tense. Reports from all these outposts pour into headquarters and there follows that mental condition which we call an emotion or fear. Whenever we experience any emotion, something like that happens. The kinaesthetic and organic systems are always supreme factors in the internal upheaval of the emotions. Joy and sorrow, peace and fear, make use alike of the millions of strings of this important sixth sense.

Whenever we perceive objects in space, our kinaesthetic sense is very busy and is playing an important part, however little we notice it. The object strikes our retina, for instance, and instantly we turn the eyes toward it, we focus our lenses to fit the distance, we converge the two eyes upon it

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and we adjust the size of the pupil to suit the amount of light. All these things are done by muscle-pulls, and every tension and every turn of the eyes in their sockets affect our sixth sense and we get reports from the outposts of our empire. Without thinking about how we do it, we decide upon the size of the object and its distance from us, which we could never do without this kinaesthetic sense. We use it almost as much when we listen as we do when we look. We feel strains in the neck as we turn the ear toward the sound. We have breathing tensions across the chest as we listen and there are many deeper pulls and strains of this ever-present sense. Even when we only imagine things we still use it. Think of a circle ten feet in diameter and you feel your eyes roll around the circumference or across the diameter. Imagine the gable of a house and you at once feel your eyes go up toward the peak of the angle and down the other side. There is nothing you can do, or see or think that does not involve the sixth sense. It is surely odd that it was not discovered until a few years ago!

It has a great deal to do with what we call *ourselves*, our personality, our character. If we lost our sense of strains and pulls and tensions—the feel of our corporeal bulk—we should hardly know ourselves. And yet how much more we are as living persons than the sum total of all reports from

our kinaesthetic sense! Our little empire has news every minute from the distant provinces out there in legs and arms and kidneys, but we are vastly more than the addition of the billion parts that make up our organized system. Something in us transcends all our senses. Billowing light strikes our retina and we see not merely light, but a beautiful sunset harmoniously ordered and artistically appreciated. We are aware of sounds beating through the complicated system of the ear, but we do not stop with noises. We rise to the enjoyment of music and feel its meaning and significance. So we get our sixth-sense reports of what is happening with joints and muscles, with strained arteries and beating heart, and we find ourselves living out beyond space and time, absorbed in some love or truth or reality which fingers do not touch or eyes see. We know now that even six senses do not exhaust our capacities of perceiving. We shall probably eventually count up ten senses. But even with ten avenues of approach we are always living beyond our senses, we are essentially sense-transcending beings. We are not satisfied to be *efficient*, to perceive and to react. We want something more than the kind of information which senses bring. Our real life lies deeper. We have intimations of wider scope, hints of realities with which senses cannot deal. What we want most are light and leading which will link us up with this

deeper Life of our life. What we need more than we need a new sense is an inner vision by which we become assured of Love and Purpose at the heart of things. I am going to stand for the inalienable powers and capacities of the soul, whatever happens. Given a soul with unmeted range and unplumbed depth, we shall eventually find the deeper World we seek. As Rupert Brooke puts it, in his sonnet:

We shall feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

III

"THE NEW SMELL"

III

"THE NEW SMELL"

I

THE UNUSED SPICES

WHAT became of the spices and the nard which the Marys and the other women intended to use on the first day of the week to anoint the body of Jesus? We have had discussions enough about what became of the body itself, though we cannot say that these discussions have been very fruitful of results. But who has discussed this other question? Who has traced the later uses of these spices and perfumes which were never applied to their original purpose? There has as usual been more concern to exalt the supernatural features of the great event than there has been to get light upon the simple, ordinary marks of love and affection for which the spices stand. They were never used as they were intended. That much we know. They had been carefully prepared in advance, our accounts tell us, and the women had come at sunrise

to perform their act of love and devotion, wondering as they walked how they could ever roll away the stone which closed the entrance. Then came the great surprise; but not a word is added to tell us what they did with the spices. They were too costly and too precious to be thrown away. That hypothesis will not do for a moment. No, they saved them. They were sacred, because they had been prepared for the purpose of expressing an unutterable love. They were in the best and noblest senses sacramental and they could not have been treated with unconcern.

They were taken back to one of the homes, or better still they were divided up and taken back to the homes of all the women who had prepared them, and instead of shedding their fragrance in a sepulcher where no one could have perceived it they henceforth made one home, or many homes, redolent with the perfume. Their sacrament intended for the dead was now given to the living. Instead of hiding away their fragrant spices in the dark ground, they put them where all who came into the house would enjoy them. Their sacrament widened out from one to many. In any case it is the way our love, meant for Christ, should widen out and become ever more fragrant and ever more inclusive and ever more sacramental. We anoint Him most truly when

we feed little hungry children, when we lighten the burdens and sweeten the atmosphere for those who struggle and suffer, or when we make our own homes redolent with love both for those who live with us and for those who chance to visit us. Too often the spices of religion and of love have been locked up for a dead Christ and have not been used to perfume the little ones who represent in visible form the living Christ.

Those left-over spices may have been taken, or one part of them may have been taken, to the central meeting place of the little new-born church, to Mary's home in Bethany, or to the home of Mary, His mother, or to the home of that other Mary, the mother of Mark. In that case what was intended for the dead body of Christ was now used for the new and living body of the spiritual Christ. Almost from the first these disciples and followers came to realize that they were in a very true sense His body, and St. Paul raised the idea to its fullest meaning. Here then was where the perfume belonged. Here was the place for the fragrance. Here was where the sacrament should be. It was no longer an important question as to where the body of flesh reposed, for a new and wonderful body was growing into life, to be the organ of the resurrected Christ who lived in it and worked through it.

Let us hope that some of the unused spices came thus to make the new body of the Lord redolent with the fragrance of love and devotion. I want to see more of *our* spices and nard brought to this same use. We have in some measure caught the spirit of universal love and service. We give ourselves with enthusiasm to outside causes, but we do not enough see the immense importance of perfecting the organ of the spiritual Christ, the body that now expresses and reveals Him—the visible Church, an organic part of which we Christians are. We sometimes grow impatient of it and annoyed by its futilities and blunders. We turn away for something larger-minded and more up to date.

But there is no more worthy place for us to bestow our spices and our nard. The best contribution any of us can make is our contribution of love and devotion to the Church for which our fathers lived and suffered and in which our children and children's children should find a fragrant home. Its life, its growth and influence are essential for the spiritual tasks of the world and no less essential for making our own children spiritual. Weak and ineffective as it is, it still stands forth—I mean the spiritual Church of Christ—as the greatest uplifting and transforming organ in the world to-day.

II

THE INNER SPRINGS OF JOY

Joy is an achievement of the spirit. We often use the word loosely, as when we speak of "the joy of a good night's rest" or "the joy at finding a lost object"; but there can be joy in the true sense only when some strong, enduring sentiment has been formed which organizes our desires toward some ideal aim. Joy is not capricious, sporadic or accidental, like pleasure; it always involves inner organization. It is a spiritual creation. It is just as truly a creation as is a poem or a symphony or a drama, though the materials for it are within us rather than outside us.

A person can be sentimental on very slender inner capital, but no one can have what I have called "strong and enduring sentiments" without the personal work and effort of organizing impulses, instincts and emotions—those native, powerful, but often dangerous springs of life and action—around intelligent and constructive purposes that link us up in co-operation and teamwork with others or with some group. A sentiment is much like a loyalty. Love, for example, one of the most wonderful sentiments we ever achieve, is never pure and noble until loyalty to the loved one or the loved country is born

in us and dominates us. Some of the greatest of the sentiments are: the aesthetic sentiment, which is appreciation of beauty in its multitudinous forms; the moral sentiment, which is appreciation of lofty and heroic action or sacrifice; the intellectual sentiment, which is appreciation of truth and loyalty to it; and the religious sentiment, which is appreciation of the Divine as it breaks through and reveals itself.

These sentiments are all springs of joy. Joy is the thrill of satisfaction that comes when we attain some desired goal in the sphere of any one of these sentiments. Keats tells us that 'a thing of beauty, a thing of real loveliness, is "a joy forever"; but only those can enjoy beauty, for a moment, or forever, who have cultivated, developed and organized their appreciation of beauty. It is not something "shot in" from the outside. It is possible to live and die and never once feel the joy that springs from loveliness. As a child Wordsworth felt his heart "leap up" when he beheld "a rainbow in the sky," and by the culture and organization of his imagination and sentiment of beauty he became able to have his whole being raised to a thrill of rapture over the ruins of Tintern Abbey:

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

There are few springs of joy to compare with the formation of a disposition of love—a loving spirit. It cannot be attained in a moment by a flash or a leap. Love on its lower levels has a good deal of selfishness in it. It is tied up with great instincts that may and often do dominate it and control it. It does not become the great thing I am talking about until it is spiritualized and sublimated—that is, until it is purified from selfishness and elevated by the presence of an ideal aim. The love that transcends pleasure-seeking and ministers to joy "seeks not its own," "suffers long and is kind," "will not let go" in trial and testing. It is love that has its roots in a rightly fashioned character and in a consecrated will. It often brings pain with the joy. It often involves deep, blood-red sacrifice. The course of true love never runs smooth! The more intimate and attached the love is, the more it is sure to cost in suffering; but even so the joy abides. One of my teachers used to say that the true test of a joy is to see how much pain and suffering it can absorb without being spoiled!

Devotion to a great moral cause is in many ways like love: it is the way of love for many persons. Here, once more, there are low levels as well as high levels. One can work for a great cause and still be very selfish. It takes a long process of refining and purifying for the aim to become single and

noble and for the emotional tone to be liberated from its native instincts. Devotion to causes, like love, has its pain and sorrow as well as its moments of triumph. *No one can work for a great reform or try to forward the kingdom of God in any community without having lonely periods of treading the wine press.* It is impossible to walk any path of consecration without experiencing the agony and tragedy of defeat, postponement and misunderstanding. But, even so, dedication to a cause is on the whole a way of joy. Christ went to His cross bequeathing peace and joy to his friends and followers, and St. Paul reached the climax of his joy and peace in those last prison days when he was writing to his friends at Philippi, "Rejoice, rejoice, and again rejoice." "Let the peace of God, which passes all understanding, garrison your hearts and minds." It is not easy to find any greater instance of joy overcoming all outward circumstances and rising triumphant in the face of a brutal and hostile world.

But in these last two cases we have already passed over from the moral sentiment to the religious, from devotion to a cause to the discovery of the presence of God. This is, I think, the very highest spring of joy. The Psalms give us some wonderful experiences of this supreme attainment, but all religious literature is full of such instances. We need to take note that there are two great types of religion. On

one level there is nominal religion, which goes along with ease and comfort, keeps on pleasant terms with wealth and fashion, has a gentle perfume of sanctity, but which knows little or nothing of deep, inner conflicts, of fervent passion, or of "the toil of heart and knees and hands." On the other level there is that real religion, born in the deeps of the soul, tested in days and nights of wrestling with God, like Jacob's at the Jabbok, and brought to its full glory in first-hand discovery of the everlasting arms underneath, of God as a real presence both in joy and sorrow. That is, I believe, the greatest inner spring of joy known to man. Other sources of happiness and joy come and go, wax and wane; God is an eternal refuge and strength.

Some persons have much more of the mystical experience than others do. Some are apparently not highly equipped to feel what may be called *the consciousness of presence*. Religion for them then must rest more largely on a basis of conviction. Their religion will be a faith religion rather than an experience religion. There are many ways of gaining the master conviction. For some it is an inference from the amazing facts and laws of the universe. For others it attaches to the moral and spiritual intimations of the human soul. For still others it is produced by the revealing message of the Bible and of the greatest literature of the world.

For many more it is the effect of that unique and unparalleled divine Person of Galilee and Judea through whom the life and love of God broke into revelation as through no other. But whether religion is born out of conviction or out of experience, when it reaches its reign of light and power in a life it is always an immense inner spring of joy—of joy and radiance.

III

GOD WALKING IN THE GARDEN IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

What could be more naïve and childlike than the story of God walking and talking with Adam and Eve in the quiet cool of the day? The picture is drawn precisely as little children draw pictures. Look at the little child's first drawing of a man, a house, or a horse. There are only a few crude lines, no perspective, no shading, and only by a generous gift of interpreting symbolism can the spectator find the intended object. Yes, but the child has *begun* to observe, to see, to feel, to create. Once Raphael, Murillo and Turner were at the crude stage, and they succeeded and arrived because they *began*.

It was a great beginning when some ancient pic-

ture writer, telling the story of origins, saw one thing clearly, namely, that God must have been Companion to the first persons that ever lived. His thought of God is crude enough. He draws Him with hands and feet, and he assumes that God prefers the cool of evening to the heat of noon as a time for walking and talking. But even Michelangelo, with all his sublime genius, drawing no longer with child's pencil, has pictured on the walls of the Sistine Chapel the finger of God awakening Adam to consciousness of life and spirit, and there lies the newly created man gazing in wonder and amazement as he rises from the stage of molded clay to the stage of spiritual life and companionship with the Creator who is making him for this higher life.

Again we have a picture, still drawn with the touches of artlessness and innocence, of God coming to meet Abraham at his tent door, just where God might be expected to meet a man who needed Him. Great issues are on. Moral problems are being decided and Abraham is given a glimpse of the mind of God as He deals with the issues of human destiny. The scenery and setting are simple and primitive. We are taken back to the stage of unalloyed anthropomorphism, though to be sure the long word was not yet coined. God is conceived in human shape. He thinks like a greater man and

He acts like a man. But the thing to underscore is this: Men in these far-away days had a deep and unescapable conviction that God was a Companion and shared His life with them.

Jacob is a strange, double-personality character—a successful grasper and a man who sees God as his grandfather did. At Bethel, at Mahanaim and by the Jabbok, he was *met*, each time in a difficult crisis of his affairs, and he discovered God close at hand. The pictures are still childlike, though there is something sublime and epic about the stairway of celestial figures, and about the lonely divine wrestler who holds the man at close grips. Here again the thing that matters is the fact that men expected God to come into their life, to have a real relation with them, and to be, both in toil and trouble, a present companion. The story-narratives of the Old Testament are charged with the idea. At almost every crisis of invasion or of deliverance there was an outbreak (the word is not too strong) of consciousness of God in the midst of His people. What greater word could have voiced the fact than the testimony in Deuteronomy, attributed to Moses as his farewell song: "He found him [Israel] in a desert land and in the waste howling wilderness; He compassed him about; He cared for him; He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle that

stirreth up her nest, that fluttereth over her young, He spread out His wings, He took them, He bare them on His pinions.”

Here once more we have bold figures in terms of a man or even of a bird, but what a depth of conviction breaks through the simple, vivid picture that God is a present reality and a living, co-operating Companion.

More moving still is the witness of that unknown sufferer who cried out of the deeps of his own experience “The eternal God is our dwelling-place and underneath are the everlasting Arms.” He still talks about “arms” and he uses picture language, though it must be called lofty and refined, but what certainty, what intimate acquaintance, what help in time of trouble, what fortification to stand the world! We pride ourselves on having outgrown anthropomorphism and the picture thoughts of God, but let us beware lest in sloughing off the primitive and childlike way of thinking we may lose with it the mighty experience of Divine presence. I am making no plea for the preservation of “babyism” or for clinging to the dolls of the cradle stage of life. But nothing is more important than the maintenance of that great stream of experience and testimony of God here with us in the joys and struggles, the triumphs and defeats of life. A great Christian

poet, depressed over the loss of vision and the power to feel moving realities, broke out in words of strong emotion :

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

I have no desire to return to paganism even to see Proteus, nor do I long to return to the childhood period of the race, even though it took me back to Eden in unspoiled Mesopotamia; but what I do prize above all rubies I have ever seen is the capacity to find God here now, both in the cool and in the heat of the day, walking with me in the garden or on the street or the lonely desert—a real, living, intimate Companion of the day or of the night. If we do not find Him walking with us, it is not because He has vanished of His own accord, or been banished by the hypotheses of science, or been driven from the world by its sin and wickedness. It is because we have failed to cultivate our vision, our power to see Him, our gifts of communion and fellowship. The ladder seen at Bethel is pitched still “betwixt heaven and Charing Cross;” the Christ still walks the water, “not of Gennesaret but

Thames." We have trained our eyes to see *things*, to count dollars, to measure distances. We have neglected the most important capacity that belongs to a man, that capacity to see God and to feel the everlasting Arms.

IV.

THE INDISPENSABLES OF LIFE

The aster flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear.

From a literary point of view, Whittier's poem, "My Triumph," is not one of his great poems, but few things that he has written reveal his spirit better. It is full of calm joy over both past and future. It breathes a splendid, and at the same time a genuine, optimism. It is colored with a fine faith in God and in humanity, and for that reason it utters a quiet and convincing note of hope in human progress. He was just past sixty when he wrote it, with a noble body of work done and not suspecting that many years still awaited him, with a large sheaf of high-class creative work to swell the growing volume of his fame.

There is a thrill about the coming of violets and

dogwood and apple blossoms which we do not feel over the blazing glory of our autumn leaves. Yet in many ways the beauty of autumn surpasses the beauty of spring. One brings joy over new birth and expectation, the other gives joy over ripeness, maturity and promise fulfilled. The latter is touched with a deep and solemn sense which takes the place of the thrill and the elation. Whittier in this poem, however, is thinking not of the autumn of the year, but of the autumn days of his own life. The aster flowers and the hazel blossoms are not in the fields; they are a part of himself. He is leaving them behind as his life goes on ripening, and he is finding something else that is better and more permanent. So, too, the eternal stars that are coming more near and becoming more sure are, once more, not stars in the outer sky to be seen with the physical eye or with a telescope. Those stars cannot even by poetic license be called "eternal." Plato thought them eternal no doubt. For him they were divine, ethereal and immutable. They were the same kind of stuff out of which our souls are made.

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

And the Platonists in all generations cling to the eternal nature of the star-fire above us.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright—

wrote the deep, spiritual Platonist, Henry Vaughan. But Whittier was not a Platonist. He was a child of the modern scientific world and he knew that the stars are material and temporal as matter everywhere is bound to be and that one does not fondly look up into the visible sky to find eternal realities.

What he is saying in his poem is that, as life matures, some lovely things fail or fade and we leave them behind, but there are other things which grow ever more real and more sure as we go on, and the main business of life is just the business of discovering and holding fast to these eternally real and abiding values. Life is an incessant stripping all the way up as though the roads of life were beset by robbers who took from us one thing after another. Whether we like it or not, we have to learn *to do without* things that once were precious. It is, as Phillips Brooks once said, like an invading army going into an enemy's country. You discover that many things which seemed necessary when you started on the expedition can be left and must be left as you march on into the hills and forests where the fighting is to be. The mountain climber, too, finds in the same way that much which seemed useful

when he started can be left in huts below as he makes the last daring assault up the slope of the lonely peak.

One sees this process of stripping, this business of learning to do without, working in the lives of the disciples of Christ as they get closer to the heart and secret of their Master. They had grown up with their boats and nets. They loved every inch of their lake. They were absorbed with their *catch* and with the gossip of the shore. But with the birth of their new passion they forsook their nets and their boats and all the spell of dear Gennesaret. And at last they reached, or at least one of them reached, the place where he could say, "Show us the Father, and that sufficeth us"—We can leave everything behind, if we can find a God who loves us like a tender Father.

There are a few things we must have if we are to go on at all. They are those spiritual realities by which we live, the eternal stars by which we steer, those 'indispensables which are absolutely essential to life. There was, sixty years ago, a well-known room in Florence, cluttered everywhere with rubbish and old, broken furniture. The spiders spun their webs in its corners. The walls once white with whitewash were dingy and filthy with the accumulation of many years. Someone came who suspected that a precious work of art was hidden away under

the outside covering of the walls. He cleared away the rubbish, washed off the grime, peeled off the layer of whitewash and there he found Giotto's priceless painting of Dante. Now all the temporary material that filled the room is gone and only the immortal face is left, and everyone who visits Florence stands in awe before that single, solitary treasure. So we, too, gradually work our way back to what eternally matters and we can see the surface things vanish without being in the least disturbed. Brother Juniper used to say: "When evil suggestions knock at my heart, I answer, 'Begone, the house is already full and I can hold no more guests!'"

I have a friend who has, at the age of forty-five, reached almost to the top of the medical profession. He has twice been sent to China to help reorganize medical practice in that country. His medical clinic was recently declared by the head of one of the leading hospitals in London to be the foremost single clinic in the world. And yet this man is doomed to die with an incurable disease. For more than a year he has gone to bed not knowing that he would be alive in the morning. He has undergone a tremendous stripping. Almost everything that has seemed within his grasp has faded like the autumn aster and the hazel flower. But the eternal stars have come out in full glory. He has been filled with a joy he had never known before. He has discovered a rich-

ness that is beyond belief. He wonders how he missed so much of life in those old days of health. He is writing many letters to his friends telling them of the joy crowded into these happy days in the valley of the shadow of death. We have all made too much of death, he says; it seems to be hardly more than changing one suit of clothes for another—putting off an old suit for a new one:

Overhead more near
The eternal stars appear.

Some time ago a gentleman was crossing this continent in the train when at one of the stations on the road a mother got on the train with a little girl. The little girl sat in the seat with the gentleman and soon they were good friends, talking as though they had always known each other. The traveler said, "It will be only another hour before you reach your city and get off the train." "I wish we would never reach the old city," the girl said; "I hate to get there." When she was asked why she felt so, it appeared that she was moving with her mother to a new home and she had overheard her mother say that it was too bad for her little girl to leave the school where she had just learned her alphabet, for now she would have to "begin all over again." The little girl took that to mean that she would have to learn a new alphabet in the new town and that the

old alphabet she had painfully learned would be of no more use. The man kindly explained to her that he had often been to the city where she was going, and that they all used the same alphabet she had just learned and that she could go right on from where she had left off in her old school.

There are some things that last on. They are just as good in one place as in another. They grow richer and more precious with the years. They are as eternal as God is. They will abide yonder as truly as they have endured here, for they are eternal values. Nothing can be more important than the discovery and the cultivation of these indispensables.

IV

“SINGULAR LIVES”

IV

"SINGULAR LIVES"

I

THE WATCHTOWER OF FAITH

THERE are moments in the history of the race when some gifted soul sees a *principle of life* which proves to be as universal and eternal as the axioms of geometry are. The principle may, for long periods, drop out of focus and lie unused and forgotten, but if it is one of the essential laws of spiritual life it will be again and again rediscovered and reinstated in its place among the inalienable assets of the soul.

Few greater instances of this recurrent discovery of such a principle of life can be cited than the attitude of faith which formed the spring and basis of the Reformation. We are just now in danger of "losing" it again, and for that reason it may be time to revive it "in our ears." "Faith" is so often pitted unfavorably against "reason" and depreciated as a spurious way of discovering truth that it deserves

fresh consideration in these days when "demonstration" is in such high favor.

The great note was first struck by an unknown Judean prophet whose message bears the name of "Habakkuk." Nobody knows just when he lived or just what crisis of disasters he was facing when he wrote his immortal little book. It is enough to know that his world was terribly out of joint. The wine press of suffering was working overtime. The ancient mystery of frustrated hope hung over him like an impenetrable cloud. A new trouble trod close upon the heels of the one that at the moment was harassing his soul. The hardest thing to bear was, however, not the agony which his body suffered but the agony that came from the impossibility of finding a clue to the meaning of the ways of God. He felt that he could bear *anything* if he only knew what God meant and could see a divine purpose and function in what was happening.

In any case, this prophet proposed to hold fast by his soul's faith that there is a meaning in it all and that there is a divine purpose, however hidden it may be. He resolves to build his watchtower and wait for light to break. He will not yield to despair. He will not surrender to the pitiless facts that besiege him round about. He also, like his great successor Luther, says: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise." The answer may be postponed, the

vision of relief may tarry, but he decides to "wait for it." Then comes the great discovery that *faith itself is the victory*. The life lived in the power of a great faith is its own evidence. The answer which comes to his soul as he waits in his watchtower is this: "The righteous man *lives* by his faith."

The word which has usually been translated "faith," here in Habakkuk's great declaration, more properly means *faithfulness*. It means unswerving loyalty. It is a dependable quality of character that can always be counted on in the shift of events and in the fluctuations of the hour. Whatever else changes, this man stands like a rock amid the drift of desert sand. There he is unmoved in the welter. But the important point to be noted is the fact that his "faithfulness" roots back into his faith. He has unswerving loyalty because he has an immense confidence in God. He can stand the universe, because he somehow feels that God is captain of the ship on which he sails. The righteous man, then, the man who in the end gets divine approval, is the man who, through his soul's confidence and calm assurance, holds steadily on, in the dark or in the light, and builds his watchtower above the surface clouds of the present moment.

How effective the method is comes out at length in the triumphant words which are worth a whole army with banners: Although the fig tree shall not

blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls: *nevertheless I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation, and I will walk in my high places.* This means that faith helps, in some measure, to create the world of the spirit. It helps to build the refuge and fortress of the soul, where victory is finally won.

Herbert Spencer, in the nineteenth century, laid down as his principle of ethics "conformity of the individual to his environment." Moral progress is measured, according to him, by the adjustment of internal conditions to the external environment in which one lives. The man who is well "adjusted to his environment" has learned how to live. One trouble with Spencer's theory is the ambiguity of this word "environment." Our environment as moral persons is always largely colored and transformed by our point of view, our outlook, our attitude, our frame of mind. No two of us have anywhere near the same "environment." But even if we had a fixed and unvarying environment, who of us feels that he has won a moral victory when he has succeeded in adjusting himself to it? Our real problem is not adjustment of ourselves to our environment, but it is rather the problem of so transforming the environment that in some measure at least it fits our

own ideal of what the environment *ought to be*. The real moral hero is not the person who gets *adjusted*—as, by the way, the hard-shelled mollusc has so perfectly done—and who conforms to the conditions of his external environment, but the moral hero is the person who raises the whole level of his world until it conforms, at least a good deal better, to what ought to be.

But, anyway, here in Habakkuk appears a new kind of hero. He will not conform himself to his environment and he cannot reshape his environment to fit his ideal. Nothing he can do will save his olive crop or protect his flock. His world is not safe for cattle raising nor can he *make* it safe. What can he do? He can hold straight on by his faith that God is slowly beating out the answer to his problems and his mysteries. He can erect his watchtower and stand firmly on it until the clouds break and the vision is granted. That is his peculiar heroism and that is his moral victory in a dark moment of history.

His principle of life became the keynote of St. Paul, of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, of St. Augustine and of Martin Luther. His torch kept kindling other torches. His cry of faith took on many meanings. But through it all the central meaning of the great idea persisted. Faith, for these heroic souls, was never some easy magical solution

of life's mysteries, or of a man's salvation. It was first and foremost a determination to hold unswervingly one's confidence and trust in the character and purpose of God. They had a real advantage over the lonely man on his Judean watchtower. They had an impressive historical revelation of the divine character and purpose to inspire them. They had a clue which Habakkuk lacked. They had a beam of light where he had only enveloping darkness. But it must be said, in all honesty, that faith is still, as in the centuries before Christ, heroic business, and it calls as much as ever for all there is in a man.

Since beginning to write this article, I have been brought into close relation with a present-day situation as hard to bear as Habakkuk's was. A young friend of mine, who is the sufferer in the present instance, is facing issues as mysterious, as baffling and as hard to reconcile with the love of God as were the issues in Judea twenty-five hundred years ago. The most perplexing aspect of my friend's heart-searching agony is due to the insistent question whether God really *cares* or not. All the harrowing features of a genuine tragedy are massed together in this new case. *And God does nothing, and He says nothing to relieve the strain.* One's feet go clear down to the bottom of the wine press and all the time the heavens remain as stern as brass. It is God's own affair, and yet He does nothing to sup-

port the faith of the person who is suffering in His cause. Is it not strange! It is strange. It always has been strange. It baffled Job. It wrung the soul of many a Psalmist. It sounded Habakkuk to his depths. Even Christ cried out, "My God, why hast *Thou* forsaken me?" It has come from the lips of every "suffering servant" through the ages.

The answer is that there are situations in which natural, brute forces play their rôle. They cut straight across our wishes and desires, defeat our plans, crush our hopes and seem to be at war with all that is spiritual. The only way God could intervene in such crises and vindicate His cause would be by miracle. He does not work that way. He does not interrupt the course of atoms or the sweep of unfolding events. Those who would find Him must not look for Him as a bringer of supernatural relief when the house is on fire, when the train jumps the rails, or when a dread disease is running its course.

God is found, now as of old, by the soul that builds the watchtower and waits, refusing to surrender to the shadow and the darkness. In quietness there is strength. In the voice of stillness comes His answer. Once more, now as then, faith is the victory. The soul of the good man *lives by his faith*. The heart answers, "I have felt." He that endures to the end and will not drop to the lower level is saved. God does not interfere. He does not turn

· the current of the storm, but He is the Companion
· of the suffering soul in the storm, and He is in the
· furnace and in the wine press with the agonizing
· heart.

II

A CHINESE PROPHET WHO FAILED

It is doubtful whether any other man has ever lived who has so profoundly influenced so many persons' lives and thoughts and moral ideals as has Confucius. His influence has been working almost twenty-five hundred years and among a people who form a third of the entire population of the globe. Most great moral and religious teachers mold the thoughts of a few leaders and only mildly touch the lives of the rank and file of the people. Confucius, on the other hand, did not rise to any solitary height of spiritual vision or experience. He expressed the wisdom and common sense of his race. He was the voice of a great people uttering the truths that ages of life and experience had revealed and verified. His maxims and his advice are within the range of the common man. He kept his feet on the ground and went forward just a little in advance of other travelers. The result was that he succeeded in organizing the moral habits and practices of a vast multitude of followers. He carried them up to no

sublime peaks of spiritual discovery, but he quietly raised the general level of thought and moral action. He lacked inspiration and kindling power, but he supplied a calm influence of persuasive thought which became the major force in shaping Chinese character and family customs.

Soon after the death of Confucius there lived a Chinese teacher of the prophet type who, if his influence had become generally effective, might have changed the whole character and history of the Chinese people. This man was Mo-ti, or Motzu. He was a spiritual genius of a very high order, and his conception of love as the supreme force in the world fills the modern reader with a sense of awe. It was due very largely to the influence of one man, the great sage, whom we have in the Western world called Mencius, that Confucius won the place of leadership with the Chinese people and Motzu lost it. Until the time of Mencius, Confucius had exercised only slight influence, and Motzu, who apparently lived not long before Mencius, had a great following and very devoted disciples. Mencius used all the power of his rare and wonderful mind to turn the tide of loyalty and devotion away from Motzu and to make Confucius the spiritual saint and hero of China. He succeeded in a remarkable way, and it is due to him more than to any other person that Confucius became the central figure in Chinese his-

tory. But the victory for Confucius was the defeat of China's foremost prophet, Motzu, who became an almost forgotten name.

It has been said by a recent Chinese scholar that Motzu was one of the greatest souls China has ever produced and the only Chinese who founded a religion in the proper sense of the word. His religion was born out of his own deep experience of God. He belongs in the family of the world's mystics. God was for him the central reality of the universe and God was essentially a *Being who loves*. Worship is the spontaneous and joyous response of the soul when it discovers the love and providence of God who enlightens all and nourishes all with the universal gifts of His love. Motzu is strangely free from the prevailing superstitions of his age, and he seems to have emancipated himself almost entirely from fear. God is the Pilot of his ship and he sails the unknown seas of life with Him in perfect confidence.

The most striking thing, however, about Motzu is his doctrine of love as the greatest organizing and stabilizing force in human society. He bases his doctrine of love on the fact that love is the essential nature of God, but he does not stop with a theory or a doctrine. He applies the principle of love to all the relations of human life. George Fox himself was not more fearless in trusting everything to the

conquering power of love than was this pre-Christian prophet of China. Hate, suspicion, jealousy, fear of one another—these are the sources of disorder in society. They bring wars and invasions. They set one group against another. They breed confusion and trouble. The remedy is love. If there were mutual love—if men loved others as they love themselves—who would be unkind? There would be no thieves if every man regarded his neighbor's house as his own. There would be no wars if princes loved neighboring nations as much as they loved their own kingdoms. Killing one man is a crime and is punishable with death. On the same principle killing ten men is ten times more criminal, and the killing of a hundred men is a hundred-fold more wrong. On the same count the invasion of a country and the killing of its people in war is the most criminal act possible.

He was, of course, told that this might well be a good abstract theory, but that it was wholly impractical. If everybody *loved* all would no doubt be well. The trouble is that there is no real world anywhere in which people actually do love. Motzu was very familiar with this Philistine comment. He insisted, however, that he was going to start the experiment and be the one to try the new social force, having complete confidence that nothing else will work but love. The world, he declared, will never be rightly

ordered or in harmony with the will of God until those who live in great states do not attack small states, until the great families do not exploit small families, until the strong do not rob the weak, until those who are honorable are not arrogant toward the humble, and until those who have ability do not take advantage of those who are simple. He also states his principle in positive fashion. The ideal society will come when the strong state assists the weak one, when the great family contributes to the weak one, when the strong man aids the feeble one, the honorable person bestows favor upon the humble one, when the learned man feels a responsibility toward the ignorant, when the majority contributes to advance the minority. It is the will of Heaven, he says, that those who have strength should mutually support others, that those who have knowledge should share it by teaching others, and that those who have wealth should, out of love, share it with others.

This, in brief, is the way of life which Motzu proposed and in the main practiced himself. He opposed music and the fine arts as having little practical value and as involving considerable "waste of time." His words on this topic sound like a Quaker journal of the eighteenth century. Still more like the Quaker journal are his comments on the extravagant outlay for funerals and the care of graves.

He calls for simplicity here and everywhere. In fact, he was as much an apostle of simplicity as he was an apostle of the principle of love. He would have found in John Woolman a friend and brother, as he would also have found in St. Francis.

As I have read and studied this sage who failed to secure the leadership which Confucius won, I have asked myself what would have been the effect in this empire of the East if Motzu had become the prophet of the Chinese race instead of Confucius. They are naturally a peace-loving and pacific people. They needed a genuinely religious guide and one who like Motzu dared to make a great adventure and experiment of love as an actual way of life. I have wished, too, that interpreters of Christ in China would make more than they do of this remarkable forerunner of the Galilean. Certainly no one before Christ ever had such faith in love as the cohesive power that builds a good world. If this beautiful soul of the fifth century before our era, this exponent of the spiritual forces, who did what he taught, had caught the imagination of the Chinese race and had brought them under the spell of his great idea, there would be a different story to tell. Instead of carrying that message persuasively to China, the Western world has too often exhibited its faith in the method which the military chiefs of the provinces are now practicing and which has

called nearly two million men to line up in the chaos and confusion of civil warfare.

III

PRACTICAL MYSTICS

Every time I visit a new place anywhere in America and stay long enough to become well acquainted with conditions, I always discover some person in the region who is a forty-horsepower Christian and whose life is raising the whole moral and spiritual level of the community. Very often it is a woman, though I am glad to say that neither sex has a monopoly of this biggest of all big businesses.

These dynamic persons whom I am endeavoring to describe are, of course, always unconscious of possessing unusual grace or power. They go about their tasks of love and service with a certain ease and naturalness that attend all work done by "second nature," or "derived instinct." One fine feature, too, of their contribution is that it usually comes as a by-product of their lives—not as the main thing aimed at. Generally they are very busy persons, overloaded with their own life work, their vocation, but that in no way prevents them from being transmitters of great moral and spiritual forces; quite

the contrary, they are all the better transmitters because they are steadied and stabilized with a weighty occupation. The peculiar thing is that they are always *there* when something needs to be done for the church or for the community, or for a sick neighbor or for some central cause that would fail without a strong hand and a consecrated spirit behind it. The kind of person I have been discovering in my travels works on without fuss, worry or friction, without jealousy or ambition, and is concerned only to help make things go forward. This may sound too angelic, but I am actually writing from observation and not from armchair reverie.

As you watch these practical saints operate, in a great variety of affairs and under very different conditions, you soon see that their supreme asset is personality, though, of course, they do not in the least suspect it nor do those who follow their leadership know very clearly why they follow so naturally. They possess a certain swift, and more or less sure, sense of direction and a kind of intuition as to what ought to be done. It is natural for them to plan and decide, natural also for them to feel confident and to inspire confidence in others. I have no doubt that in many instances such persons are born with peculiar gifts and endowments. They are, as the French say, *bien nés*. But those whom I have known best have had something more than natural equipments. They

have been "transmitters," as I have said, of forces whose source was beyond themselves. When love, joy, peace, good temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness and self-control appear in a life—appear continuously and in a triumphant quality—we may as well conclude with St. Paul that these traits are the fruit and harvest of the spirit. They furnish the best evidences there are that the life which reveals them has come into contact with God. We have had all sorts of tests of orthodoxy glorified, except the real test. Men have assumed that truth must run, like the water in old Roman aqueducts, always on one unvarying level, with no reference to the curves and the contour of the ages, and they have tried in vain to join all faith into the form and mold of some ancient formulation. But all this effort misses the mark by which faith is surely known and verified. St. Paul prayed that his friends might have "peace and joy in believing." He evidently thought that a faith which had the demonstration of peace and joy was more to be desired than one that conformed with some external standard. In fact, interior traits of spiritual life and power outweigh all other tests of fellowship with Christ.

These persons, whom I find so effective in their communities are sometimes very zealous in their conformity to ancient standards and, again, some-

times they think nothing whatever about external standards. In these matters it is largely a question of their education and the religious climate in which they have lived. In any case, the effective factor is never the quality of conformity or of non-conformity, but the formation of a rich, Christlike spirit which makes them radiant and dynamic. I am inclined to think, and this is what I have been leading up to, that this way of life is the noblest form of mysticism. It is the practice, often the unconscious practice, of the presence of God. I have often felt, as I have watched these rural saints, these makers of community spirit, these builders of the kingdom of love and peace, a kind of majestic sense of awe. They seem to be lending their hands to a vaster Soul that is working through them. They are organs of a larger Life than their own. They would deny that they were mystics, if you asked them. They would say, "No, I am not a mystic. I have no mighty experiences. I am too practical and too commonplace ever to be a mystic." Well, according to my gospel, a mystic is always practical and the more effectively practical the more truly mystical. God reveals Himself in many ways, and any way that lets His life break through and mold the atmosphere and spirit of a village, of a church, of a school, of a college or of a Sunday school, is a revela-

tion of God, and the person who is in some sense the fresh present-day organ of the Life of God is just so far a practical mystic.

Many years ago Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote a story which was widely read, called *A Singular Life*. Its hero was one of these high-horsepower saints of whom I have been telling. He changed many lives from low-power efficiency to high-power efficiency. He reduced the forces of evil and widened the area of light. He quickened pure, unselfish love and he exhibited a noble type of sacrificial spirit. He was a practical mystic, though the author did not use the phrase. I am contending, however, that it is a mistake to assume that such lives as these are "singular" lives. The high-power life is the normal life, and such lives are more numerous than many suppose. I meet them on trains, on ocean steamers, on holiday trips, on casual walks, and, as I have said, whenever I have stayed long enough in any neighborhood that I visit to get acquainted with it. They are the outstanding evidences of Christianity. They are worth a thousand editions of Paley's *Evidences*. They walk about their ordinary tasks of life without knowing that their faces shine, but they are in the true apostolic succession, and they live in the demonstration of the spirit and power.

V

EXPERIMENTS IN HEROIC LOVE

V

EXPERIMENTS IN HEROIC LOVE

I

BUILDING THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE

GEORGE ELIOT in *The Spanish Gypsy* wrote these fine lines three-quarters of a century ago:

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world
And leave our spirits in our children's breasts.

There are now and then personal lives of the type that raise the whole level of life for those that come after them—lives whose *spirit* becomes evermore “part of the necessary air men breathe.” It does not matter very much whether persons of that type succeed or fail in their own generation, whether they win a crown or a cross—their real service is that of quickening, kindling, fusing their fellows, and so of transmitting their own nobility of purpose and

Breathing a beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

It was with this accomplishment in mind that James Russell Lowell said of the heroes whom he celebrated in "The Commemoration Ode":

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.

It seems to me that this is the greatest service that Mahatma Gandhi is rendering in India to-day. It is possible to count up an impressive list of real achievements which are due to his endeavors, but overtopping all his specific contributions is the contribution of his life. The by-product which came unconsciously, as often happens, is more important than the definite product which he aimed to get. Gandhi's life is such an immense achievement, his spirit is such a tremendous contribution to the world that there will be an imperishable legacy from him, whether his plans succeed or go awry.

The most important question to ask about a leader is to find how far he has helped to create a nobler spirit in the hearts of his people, how far he has been able to raise and inspire the souls of his contemporaries and successors. Gandhi stands this test in a very high degree. He has been slowly building a new soul in India. He is one of those rare persons

who are unconscious of personal interests, unconcerned about what is coming to them. He comes as near as anyone I ever saw to a complete abolition of the ego-focus, the ego-complex. He is absorbed in a cause; he is "lost" in the movement which he leads and inspires. He calls his method non-violence, but that is a very weak word for it. It is not a nay-method; it is a yea-method. It does not negate; it affirms. It is not the renunciation of the use of force; it is the discovery and the application of one of the greatest forces in the universe—the force of love, of human understanding, of unalloyed good will, of heroic friendship, of sympathetic co-operation—in short, the might of *truth*. Gandhi calls his entire life work "an experiment in truth." There is no better way to name it. And the greatest thing about his "experiment" will be its contribution to the new soul of India.

What we need at the present moment here in America is a massive contribution to the building of a new soul in our nation. I do not for a moment support the view that we are a nation of money-grabbers, debt-collectors, dollar-chasers, sordid materialists, "boot-leggers," sunk in corruption and selfish aims. We have our quota of idealism. The dark picture is relieved by many sunrise streaks of beautiful color. There are many currents setting steadily toward the better consummation for which

we long. What we somehow lack is a concerted building of a nobler soul in our nation.

Our reformers are somewhat too much occupied with reforms and not enough concerned to raise the inner quality of their own lives and to purify and exalt the spirit of those for whom they labor. The method employed by too many of our "uplifters" and protagonists of causes is one of violence in Gandhi's sense of the word. He says that to be proud or to feel superior or to get ruffled, i.e., "mad," is already to use "violence." Anger *is* violence. Superiority *is* violence. There are weaponless ways of attack that are as violent as the use of poison gas would be. Even if such methods promote the cause in hand, they do not build a new soul in the nation; they do not propagate the spirit of love and co-operation. They engender bitterness and leave behind wounds and scars. It is possible to succeed and yet to fail. It is possible to arrive at a specific objective, to achieve triumph, and yet to have missed all the odor and perfume that should sanctify the victory. It is possible to secure the product and yet fail with what is more important, the by-product in the form of a new and radiant spirit.

This deeper and subtler business is what concerns me. I am not satisfied merely to work for reforms and to espouse "causes." I want to see the creation of a new atmosphere, the spread and permeation

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of a new spirit, the building of a new soul. This calls for different methods from the old-time well-known ones. It means a much more careful preparation of the personal instrument for the service, and it calls, too, for the formation of a group spirit and a fellowship-habit of mind rather than for sheer battering-ram methods of attack upon an external system.

Gandhi is not the only person who has discovered the invincible might of love and truth. I found in Japan, in China, in India and in the Philippines quiet workers who use his method of creating a new order of life, of building from within, of constructing a new civilization by slowly shifting the level of life and thought. Gandhi is certainly the foremost living leader of that type and he, more than most who have tried the method, has perfected the personal instrument. He is an unselfish spirit. He has conquered fear, hate, anger, impatience and self-seeking. He has acquired a second-nature propensity for sacrifice and self-giving. He is unspoiled by the possession of the remarkable qualities of leadership which are his. Fame, controversy, persecution, headlines, notoriety, exploitation, adoration have all flowed over him and left him simple, natural, spontaneously loving. That is why he so extraordinarily raises the level of life. His love and goodness and truth lift like the forces that raise the tides of the

ocean. It is no wonder he is called Mahatma—"the great-souled one." It is not strange that he is loved as few men in all the ages have ever been loved. It is quite natural that he should be putting a new soul into the people of India. That is the way it is always done!

I am appealing for the application of his method to our tasks of life and work. William James once wrote: "I am done with great things and big things, great institutions and big successes; I am for those tiny, invisible, molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual: creeping in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets or like the capillary oozing of water, but which, give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride."

That is exactly the secret. "He will not strive nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the street. A bruised reed he will not break, and the smouldering wick he will not quench." This type of hero believes in little things, in unobtrusive forces. He begins within and works out. His foundations are spiritual. His resources lie deep within the eternal nature of things. The result is that he is more than a conqueror. When he wins, he more than wins. His by-product overflows his product. He creates by an unconscious contagion that indescribable reality which we call *spirit*. He propagates a life quality. He sets a new

energy into operation in the souls of the people who come in contact with him and thus he shifts the level of life. That type of leadership is what we need. One does not need to be a "mahatma" to begin using that method. It works just as well in a small group as in a large one. It is as suitable for a tiny hamlet as for a teeming nation. It works both in the small and in the large; and our time calls loudly for such leadership.

II

IN FRONT OF GIBRALTAR

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest
 died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
 Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
 Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned
 Gibraltar grand and gray;
 "Here and here did England help me: how can I
 help England?"—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
 praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
 Africa.

Thus did Robert Browning feel as he sailed by
 the famous scenes which I too have just passed, and

at this moment I am looking out on "Gibraltar, grand and gray." Slowly and with much difficulty I have gathered up from the subterranean strata of my memory these long-forgotten lines. They have always thrilled me with emotion and they do still. I may as well confess that spite of my deep-seated Quaker convictions I always felt, as a young man, a stirring of the molecules up and down my spine and a quickening of my pulse as I have read or imagined the gigantic exploits of the popular heroes of England during the Napoleonic struggles. And I can say further that I always felt as though these doers of these great deeds of valor were as much a part of "our" history as though they had been Americans. When I read the words: "Here and here did England help *me*," I always felt that I could use that "me" as my own personal pronoun.

But coming back to Europe, grown "gray" myself, like Gibraltar, but not "grand," I feel everywhere I go the misery, woe, failure, blunder and stupidity of war and all the ways of war. I cannot feel any thrill over the heroism of military or naval exploits. I cannot share in the grandeur of the deeds of daring which entail a long harvest of after tragedy. We must find some other way to do brave and noble deeds and we must discover some other way to settle the crucial issues of history. It is natural and right for youth to be stirred and exalted

by heroic ventures for land and people. Bravery and sacrifice ought to move us. Only we ought to rise to better ways of exhibiting this finest spirit in our human nature.

I have just come across a great passage in Exodus which strikes the right note. "You have seen," this passage says, "what I [Jehovah] did unto the Egyptians and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto Myself." It begins, of course, on the old familiar note of exultation over the defeat of an enemy. Here is a signal instance of triumph and vengeance. It is the old, well-known thrill over "our" victory and "their" humiliation. But then comes in the higher, truer note which we want to strike to-day: "I bare you on eagles' wings and brought you unto Myself." It is God's uplifting power which widens out the horizon and inaugurates a new range of vision. That is what we need most now. We march around in the old, hemmed-in valleys and glory over the way we have beaten somebody else, calling *that* victory. We need to be carried up to a higher level of life and to see the horizon expand, as it does for the mounting eagle, and to be really and truly brought to God, so that in some genuine sense we see what His way is. The trouble has been that religion has sanctioned and even glorified instinctive and inherited ways of attaining desirable ends and goals. It has been, and often still is,

a path of expediency and a way of compromise between that which is too low for us and that which is too high for us. It guards and guarantees the safe pass. But it must not be so any more. Religion at its best has a wholly different function—it moves on another level. It exalts and glorifies life. It quickens and inspires. It breaks roads to new peaks. It bridges the streams that were impassable without it. It is the source of energy and power for making a new world—not merely a solace for the poor, old, damaged one.

I want to spend the rest of my life—whatever fragment there may be of it—trying to find out how to go on eagles' wings to the widened vision of life, how to make religion a real power to live by, how to get away from the world's old pettifogging methods of realizing goals to God's way of advance. I presume the Exodus writer was hardly thinking of what I am thinking of as I look out on the world's greatest fortress. Here is the supreme exhibition of force. The Gibraltar-way has accomplished some things. It is much better than some other things which we can imagine, but it is not the way of the future. It is not in the van of the human march; it is toward the rear and must give way to a truer way of life which our world is slowly—so slowly—discovering. If we could only make our religion eagles' wings for expeditions into higher regions of

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life where the horizon is wider and the air more pellucid, perhaps we might find that way a good deal sooner than we now do.

III

OVERCOMING EVIL

Pacifism means *peace-making*. The pacifist is literally a peace-maker. He is not a passive or negative person who proposes to lie back and do nothing in the face of injustice, unrighteousness and rampant evil. He stands for "the fiery positive." Pacifism is not a theory; it is a way of life. It is something you *are and do*.

I am a good deal disillusioned over the value of propaganda as a method of achieving moral and spiritual ends. It is no doubt immensely successful as a means of advertising commodities or of accomplishing utilitarian purposes. If you say a thing often enough, and if you say it emphatically enough, vast numbers of people will believe it. Practically any theory about life or about society will accumulate a following if vivid writers write it up, and if "peppy" speakers proclaim it as a panacea for the ills of the world. But theories like good resolutions are very thin and abstract until they are put into opera-

tion and tried in practice. Hell, we are told, is paved with good intentions, and the paths of history are strewn with the débris of abstract theories which in their day made a good noise and sounded fine. The fate of Kipling's "Tomlinson" is the fate of everything constructed out of report and hearsay and guesswork.

The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade
him clear the path,
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness
and wrath.

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,"
he said, "and the tale is yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer,—what ha' ye done?"

St. Paul knew enough about the forces of evil to know that they could be conquered only by greater *forces*, and so he set forth his famous method—"overcome evil with good." There is no other way to overcome it. Something else, something better, must be put in its place. Something strong and positive must put it down, conquer it and make it cease to be. The evil that concerns us, the evil that really matters, is always embodied; it is incarnate in a person, or in a social institution, and consequently our new way of life, our pacifism, to meet it and overcome it, must be incarnate, too, and must have

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the dynamic of personal lives in it and behind it.

We shall not get very far with phrases like "passive resistance" or "non-resistance," or "the use of force is immoral." One can neither train a life nor build a world on those or any other slogans. In the last analysis children are trained and worlds are built by persons who are living concrete and positive lives, whose theories have taken on flesh and blood and have behind them the attractive power of a strong personality. There would be little use having our Government and all the other governments of the world adopt abstract resolutions to the effect that military force shall be outlawed and shall never be resorted to again, if at the same time all the selfish and unjust methods of life and business and social relations were left to work just as they are now working. War is a fruit which grows and ripens like other fruit. No magic phrase, no written scrap of paper, will stop the ripening of it if the tree which bears it is planted and watered and kept in the sunshine and warm air. The axe must first be laid to the root of the tree. The old way of life must be abolished and a new way of life must be produced and made to flourish. We shall never succeed in stopping war until we have a human society permeated with persons who practice a way of life which removes and abolishes the grounds and occa-

sions of war, and which at the same time matures and ripens a spirit of mutual understanding and personal co-operation.

The kind of life which overcomes evil by the new force of *peace-making* finds one of its best illustrations in Francis of Assisi. He is too often thought of as a founder of Friars, a devotee of poverty, an excessive ascetic, an anaemic mystic who worked himself up to such a pitch of auto-suggestion that he finally produced the *stigmata* of nail prints in his hands and feet. As a matter of fact the real miracle in Francis' life is of a very different type. Nobody has interpreted this real miracle better than has Laurence Housman in his *Little Plays of St. Francis*. He has caught the marvelous spirit, the touch even, of the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, and he has made it real to a modern reader; and perhaps some day a theater will be found that will dare to try its effect on modern playgoers. The great secret is nothing but the way of life which *overcomes* evil with a goodness that is contagious, joyous, thrilling, captivating and triumphant. He began first of all by expelling all fear out of his life. There was nothing in the universe that he was afraid of. Then, secondly, he had an absorbing passion to carry genuine love into the hearts and lives of men and women of all types and classes and conditions. He had always been terribly afraid of leprosy and had run for his life

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whenever a leper came near him. He had helped with others who were like-minded to produce that appalling sense, which every leper carried in his soul, of being an outcast and an abhorred being under the curse of God and man. Well, the new turning point of his life came when, instead of running away from a leper, he ran toward him, shared his food with him, and in a sudden abandon of love kissed him, with a perfect recklessness of what might happen to *him*, so long as he made this poor leper feel that he was a person and that somebody *cared* for him. This loss of fear, this sincere human spirit of love, this genuine way of sharing himself and all he had for others broke down all artificial barriers. It enabled him to conquer the hearts of robbers and turn them into "little brothers." It worked just as well with the rich as it did with the poor. It brought Clara from her aimless, luxurious life of wealth and family pride to accept the life of an outcast, poor and disinherited, but with the opportunity to give and share and love as Francis was doing.

It conquered the heart of the great "infidel" Sultan of Egypt and Syria. I quote from Housman:

FRANCIS: I would show thee Christ, Soldan. Or if by
that name thou know Him not, then by his other
name which is Love, wherein also dwell Joy and
Peace. This have I come—to show.

SOLDAN: Yea; speak!

FRANCIS: Oh, hearken, for this is wonder!

Light looked down and beheld Darkness.

"Thither will I go," said Light.

Peace looked down and beheld War.

"Thither will I go," said Peace.

Love looked down and beheld Hatred.

"Thither will I go," said Love.

So came Light and shone.

So came Peace and gave rest.

So came Love and brought Life.

And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among
us.

Francis did for the Soldan what no crusading armies ever did—he made this hardened warrior FEEL what Christianity really meant.

Let one more Franciscan victory suffice. One day Louis IX of France knocked at the door of the little, humble brotherhood house and Brother Giles went to the door. Giles recognized his august visitor but embraced and kissed him with the same simplicity that he would have shown to a peasant. They knelt together in perfect silence. Then after a period of quiet communion Louis rose from his knees and proceeded on his journey. "Why didn't you say something to him?" the brothers asked, when Giles came back to the room. "I didn't need to say anything," Giles replied; "I read his heart and he read mine." That indicates complete brotherhood, perfect fellowship. There was no chasm between high and

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low, but both were one in human love and friendship.

The Quaker relief work in the war-harassed countries of Europe has been a modern instance of the same method and it has produced the same effect. It seemed to the casual observer to be just relief, charity, philanthropy. But to the givers and receivers it has never been that sort of a dole. It has been a sharing of life and love. It has been the interpretation of a spirit, the visible expression of a definite way of life. Those who gave wished to transmit a genuine assurance of sympathy, of fellow-feeling, of human friendship for persons who were passing through an unspeakable agony as deep as death, and those who received knew that somebody understood and felt with them and came to their help with no ulterior aim and with no motive but love. It leveled all barriers, it obliterated all enmity of race and of war memory, where that had existed, and it created as if by magic a unity of spirit and a oneness of feeling. It worked among the Roman Catholic peasants of France; it worked with the fathers and mothers of underfed German children; it worked in all ranks of the people of Vienna; it met the quick response of heart in the refugee sections of Poland; it met a warm and tender rebound of affection from every rank of life in deeply suffering Russia. It created hope, it revived faith,

it awakened confidence, it caused light to emerge from darkness, and it gave birth to love and fellowship. The scale of it was limited and the whole operation of it was quiet, simple, without trumpet or advertisement, but it reached the *life* in men and women. It came like a new sun in the sky and seemed to many to be the one evidence of God, the one proof that Christ was really alive and still abroad in the world. It overcame evil by the demonstration of a greater power of life and love.

About a year ago a doctor who is giving his life to China, one who is very near and dear to me, went to make a study of an island to see if it would do for a leper colony where he could carry on, without danger of spreading contagion, the marvelous modern medical treatment of leprosy. On the way out he passed the perilous haunt of bandits in safety because a fog hid his boat. But on the way back the bandits spied them and boarded their boat. Here they were at the mercy of brigands who were supposed to have no conscience, no heart, no sympathy, supposed to be actuated only by greed and to know only one force, the guns of their pursuers. This doctor showed them that he had no guns, no weapons of any kind. He told them that he purposely came without defense. He also laid before them his plan of work for the lepers, his desire to save these poor creatures from their suffering, and his hope to make

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human love build a better world. With a kind of awe they listened and then left the boat to go on its way in peace and rowed back to their retreat. Once more the positive way of life, the way of faith, of fearlessness and of love had overcome.

If we are to be effective peace-makers we must be vastly more than propagandists. We must demonstrate the power of the kind of life which conquers evil and produces the fruits of peace and goodwill. Under the old system, armies invaded countries and conquered them with force. Our method, too, must be one of *invasion*. God invaded Africa through David Livingston and He has invaded Labrador through Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Both these men are types of the overcoming way of life. They conquer men as surely as Alexander or Napoleon did, only their force is different. It is good will and kindness, it is love and gentleness, it is health and strength, it is light and healing. It invades and conquers, overcomes, transforms, rebuilds and inaugurates the new day. Let us join the ranks of the "invaders."

VI

THE SOUL'S EAST WINDOW

VI

THE SOUL'S EAST WINDOW

I

A KEY THAT DOTHS OPEN

A FEW days ago Helen Keller came to our Quaker meeting and sat with us in silence, a silence the depth and quiet of which in her experience must surpass anything we normal persons know. No outer sound ever breaks into her inner world. No disturbing visible happenings ever call her attention away from a concentrated hush. In the course of the meeting, which was the first one she had ever sat in, she rose and spoke most impressively, so impressively in fact that many of us who were present felt our hearts profoundly moved and we found our eyes growing wet with spontaneous tears. Her message was very natural and simple. She told of her joy at being in a Quaker meeting, of the freshness and reality of the experience of worship. Then she spoke of the immense satisfaction

she had felt over the Quaker work of relief in the long period of agony which followed the war. The thing which touched her most was the interpretation of love and brotherhood, the new way of life and the reconciling spirit.

With extraordinary effect, but with uttermost simplicity, she referred to her own life as an illustration. Once there was a little girl, she said, who was shut up in utter darkness and unbroken silence with no real life, no world, no hope, no future. Then someone came, who with patience and tenderness brought her into contact with the world out there beyond her, interpreted it to her, and opened in her undreamed-of capacities of intercourse with that new world of life and thought. Even with closed eyes she learned how to look out on a world full of beauty, hope and possibility. So you, she continued, have had the privilege of helping men and women and children to discover a richer life and a deeper love and sympathy than they knew before. They have found through you a world before unknown. You have shot through their darkness with an unexpected light.

I have given her message from memory and more or less in my own words, but I have faithfully expressed her central thought, and whether it applies accurately to the work of love and relief or not it is a happy suggestive thought for the interpretation

of the true Christian life. The service which Miss Sullivan (now Mrs. Macy) rendered for this blind-deaf child as a vital organ of interpretation we, as disciples and friends of Christ, ought to render to those about us who have not yet been able to break through the walls of darkness behind which they are trying to live. Some of us believe that divine light reaches the human soul by a direct inner way—"the soul's east window of divine surprise"—but most persons need both sources of help, the inner and the outer touch. A great many persons never grasp and understand the inner flashes and intimations until some human helper brings a living, personal interpretation which gives a sudden meaning to what was happening within. It is through such souls that God gives the supplemental light, somewhat as Ananias was able to do for Saul: Brother Saul, the Lord even Jesus who appeared unto thee in the way has sent me unto thee that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Spirit. Here we have a striking case of direct approach and of added human assistance. The energies and forces of the physical world are not applied in terms of work and service until an instrument is found which acts as a co-ordinator or transmitter of them. The forces were there all the time but they did not work effectively until the instrument of human invention brought them into operation just where they were

needed. Water boiled through all the centuries but its steam vanished unused until a curious engine was devised to co-ordinate and transmit its unsuspected power. Electricity forked and zigzagged across the sky and crashed in terrorizing thunder for long ages before the dynamo let it come through in harmless and constructive ways of service. There were wireless vibrations and radio activities before the coherer and the coil fitted them to human ears and made them intelligible signs and significant messages.

So, too, love and sympathy, kindness and generosity passed from soul to soul and made a little earthly heaven in the world of men before Christ made it plain through His life that love is a revelation of God and that gentleness is divine. We have unfortunately been very slow to see that God must have an instrument—organ is perhaps a better word—for the revelation of His love and tenderness, just as His physical energies must have their co-ordinator and transmitter. Love in the abstract means nothing. It is as impossible as Alice's "grin without any face." If love is ever to reach and move and transform anyone with its wonderful, impalpable power it must be a real love expressed in a real life. It can no more be transmitted impersonally than the human contacts which interpreted the world to Helen Keller would have come without anybody's finger tips. A world might have been devised, no

doubt, in which all truth, all wisdom, all experience, could have been flashed telepathically, or by immediate contact, from the mind of God to the mind of man; only we are not in that kind of world. *Here* we need one another and, strangest fact of all, God Himself needs us. We are fellow laborers with Him. He brings His kingdom through us; He builds His spiritual world with our aid. The world—the spiritual world—moves forward not on an escalator but on altar stairs where each one of us makes his sacrificial contribution to the mighty task for which Christ lived and died.

St. Paul knew this truth and he testified to it in the bold words, "I fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ." But we have been inclined to adopt a theory of salvation which left that great principle out of sight. We have underrated the human factor and so have often missed the full glory of our fellowship with Christ, a glory deeply touched and tinged with suffering as all true glory is. It is desperately easy to be stupid, easy to argue and contend over empty husks and shells. When I shake myself awake and find that I have been doing that, I am always humbled and made heartily ashamed, for the one really big business in this world or in any world is the business of being a co-ordinator, a transmitter, of the love of God, the love of God revealed in a man like us.

II

WORSHIP AS A UNIFYING FORCE

Worship, like love, unites; speculation and argumentation divide. The moment we try to formulate doctrines, or to construct a theory of Church organization, we discover that we are handling explosive material and we are sure to arouse disagreement if not dissension. We are moving here in the field of debate, and however plausible our position may seem to us, there are always other ways of viewing that same position of ours which we usually overlook. In all matters of life and thought the problems are intricate and complex, and no formulation of terms can exhaust the possibilities of any situation. There is something about the "inner life" of a black beetle which escapes the wisest entomologist. He describes the outside appearance, the look of the beast. He reports on legs and wings and speed of motion, but when he is all done with his description the beetle might well say, if it could utter itself, "You really do not know me at all as I am in myself!" How much more does our knowledge fall short of the mark when we are dealing with the inner life of a man, and how hopeless is the task of telling all the infinite truth about Christ, about God, about the universe and about eternal destiny! No,

it cannot be done. There is more to be said than any of us say. And when anyone tries to make us take his account, we want the privilege of saying it over in our own way and of supplementing his way of saying it.

But worship is different. As I have already said, it is like love, and therefore it draws together and unites. Worship is not theory; it is not speculation; it is not thinking; it is not talking—it is discovery, adoration, joy, peace, communion, fellowship. There are deeper strata within us than come up to light in our ideas, or decisions, or declarations. The roots of our life—our real life—lie in this subsoil of our innermost being. We need to feed and fructify this deeper buried region, and to liberate its energies. That is what genuine worship does. It opens the avenues of the interior life and lets the spiritual currents from beyond us flow in and circulate about the roots of our being. Whittier was declaring this truth in his fine lines:

And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

It is, too, what William Watson is expressing when he

Hears the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world.

All truly spiritual persons in all ages have known, at least dimly, that there is some junction of the soul with God in the depths of the inner self, and they have practiced silent communion and concentration of mind as a way of discovering the Beyond within themselves. Prayer was joyous correspondence and fellowship of spirit with Spirit before it came to be thought of as a way of getting things from a Superior Power.

Professor Friedrich Heiler of Marburg, who has written one of the most important books on prayer that has appeared in modern times,—*Das Gebet*—says that “prayer is a living communion of the religious man with God, conceived as personal and present in experience.” He thinks of prayer as the heart of religion and always as a direct approach to God and a way of fellowship with Him. It is this experience, he believes, which keeps religion alive, fresh and dynamic. With this vital contact gone, religion becomes a theoretical affair, a formal system. “Prayer,” declared the holy nun, Mechthild von Magdeburg, “draws a great God down into a little heart; it raises the hungry soul to God who holds all things.”

Genuine prayer of this deeper and truer type is as old as smiling and weeping, as old as love and death. Men pray still, as William James so well said, “because they cannot help praying,” because,

as he further says, they are seeking and finding a Great Companion; and consequently, he adds, "men will continue to pray until the end of time, unless their inner natures change in a manner which nothing we know leads us to expect." If all this is true, which I believe it is, it would naturally be asked why prayer of this deeper, communion type might not perfectly well be carried on in quiet retreat by each worshiper in his own room at home. Why join with others and take the pains of going to churches and assembly rooms for what can be done just as well in a garden or in a house? Well, the answer is, first, that we come together in meetings and churches for other things besides worship, prayer and communion; and, secondly, because it is not possible to worship as effectually in the quiet at home—assuming that one could find it there—as in a larger group where many join together for the same exalted purpose.

It is psychologically a sound principle that group silence is much more effective than solitary silence. Robert Barclay was drawing upon the fruits of his experience when he said: "As when many candles lighted and put in one place do greatly augment the light, and make it more to shine forth, so when many are gathered together *into the same life* there is more of the glory of God and His power appears to the refreshment of each individual, for each par-

takes not only of the light and life raised up in himself, but in all the rest." There is certainly a cumulative power where many persons together are fused and expectant. It amounts to team work. Each one "lends his soul out" to help the rest and the corporate hush assists each individual in turn to open the avenues of his soul. The outpouring of Pentecost came when the first Christians were "of one accord in one place." It did not happen, and it could not have happened, when they were having a divisive debate over the status of the law, or the value of circumcision.

Very few churches are organized to-day for this deeper type of corporate worship, and far too little or no provision is made for group hush. Congregations frequently, perhaps usually, take some part in religious services. They join in responsive readings from Scripture, in the Lord's prayer, in reciting the Creed, in singing hymns and, in the Anglican or Episcopal system, in corporate prayer and communal service. The difficulty is that all these ways of worship so easily become formal and almost mechanical. *They do not draw upon the deeps of the soul.* They do not demand any personal effort, any first-hand creative contribution. Gladstone spoke once of "the work of worship." I do not very much like the word "work" in this connection, but in any case we ought to realize that this supreme business

of life cannot be truly done when we are sliding along a groove of habit, or running through a performance which perhaps once cost the precious life-blood of some ancient saint, but which costs us nothing now. I have advisedly used the phrase "creative contribution." Something personal and *original* ought to well up in us and we ought to have an opportunity to make our own fresh discovery of God and to pour forth our own note of joy and adoration. Our athletics have too much degenerated into occasions where thousands of spectators sit and watch a few performers who are highly trained for the contest in which they engage. It would be much better if these spectators themselves were playing their own game and enjoying the thrill of a contest, even though they were doing it less perfectly than those players whom they are watching. I feel the same way about many church services. They are well conducted, but too often everything is *done for the congregation*. The struggle has taken place elsewhere. They do not share in it. They only observe and listen. They have a right to be critical, for they have contributed nothing except a face to be talked to!

I am pleading in this chapter for an increase of the mystical aspect of religion in our public worship. Our modern world has been living somewhat excessively in the question-asking mood. We have

written interrogation points over everything in the universe. Wherever we turn we see the question mark,

Always it asketh, asketh
And each answer is a lie.

We need to revive the mood of the exclamation point, which in England is happily called "the point of admiration." It would be well if we could shake off our habit of questioning for at least brief spaces and experience instead a feeling of wonder, a sense of elevation and joy in the presence of that Life which environs us and at the same time transcends us. There is a "saying," attributed to Christ, which beautifully says: "Let not him who seeks cease until he find, and when he finds he will wonder and wondering he will have rest." Everyone must have noticed how often the New Testament uses the word "Behold!" It is a word of wonder. Something like it is the "Selah" of the Psalms. We might almost translate it, "Think of that!" It is a throb of wonder, a sense of joy. It takes the soul away from the everlasting interrogation point and lets it feel surprise, admiration, joy and wonder. If our meetings and our services could bring us into moods and experiences like that we should throng to them

and come away refreshed. If we could get in them "that sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," we should give up our superficial pleasures and our overtime devotion to business and flock with our neighbors to what then might properly be called "the House of God."

This would be a unifying experience. It would enable us to forget our stupid battles over "evolution" and "higher criticism" and it would make it possible for us to get down below the lines which divide men into the Modernist and Fundamentalist camps. What we want is to find God, not a theory about the world, or about man, or about beginnings and endings. Having had that great refreshing experience of personal discovery, the fear of losing God, which underlies a great deal of theological bitterness, will vanish. After having enjoyed a period of real, vital communion and fellowship with God the critical mood and the divisive spirit will scatter like the mists before the rising sun. The solution of all our troubles and problems is, I maintain, to be found in the recovery of more vital methods of living communion with God. It would be well for us to reduce the amount of talk, of words, of argument, of question-asking, reduce also what is formal and mechanical, and greatly increase the living, silent, penetrating corporate activity of worship of

which Whittier wrote those great words of his—the meaning of which he had experienced:

Without spoken words low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

III

MEDITATIONS ON A LOST DAY

I have just had that interesting experience of having lost a day, twenty-four good hours. Out here in the middle of the Pacific where I am we have passed an imaginary line called a meridian, which is 180 degrees alike east and west of Greenwich. Incidentally with our crossing of that line we passed from Tuesday, June 29, to Thursday, July 1. The last day of June, which usually is one of the most perfect days of my summer, has dropped plumb out of my life. I shall never have it here or hereafter. It is for me a non-existent day. The various ships on which I travel westward will pretend to give it back to me in little dribblets of an hour or a half-hour, until I have been given twenty-four hours made of fragments. But they always come in the middle of the night when an added hour is an unnecessary increase of a night already too long. I

cannot use it to any advantage when I get it and I could have so beautifully filled the waking part of June 30 which I have lost!

As I reflect on my lost day I note first of all that there is no time gap where the day dropped out. It left no vacuum, no chasm, no void. We were not suddenly catapulted across the hollow, empty spaces which the lost day would have filled. Our new day in which we are now living fused in continuously with the end of the day before, just as normally happens, so that we cannot ask to have our money back on the ground that we have been robbed of a stretch of real time! The transaction, like so many of our transactions here below, turns out to be artificial, a mere fact of bookkeeping, and life goes on as before.

Having therefore, at least in theory, recovered my lost day, I have endeavored to use it as well as one can use a day of storm, such as this is, at sea. I have been reading a great book by Professor A. N. Whitehead on *Science and the Modern World*. Its chapters are very unequal. Some of them are almost as fruitful as they could be, and others are long stretches of abstract and pitilessly technical thinking. On the whole the book carries a rich freight, and greatly rewards the patient, thoughtful reader. Here is a passage which has given me much joy on this my lost day, in longitude 180°:

Above and beyond all things the religious life is not a search after comfort. Religion is the vision of something that stands beyond, behind and within the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal and yet the hopeless quest. . . . The fact of the religious vision and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism.

That virile note has done much to lighten a day which in its outward setting is about as uncomfortable as a day of storm at sea can be. Sitting chilled with the cold blasts which sweep across our path from Bering Sea—one of the coldest days I have ever known in summer—I have meditated on many things. The “things,” however, have not been objects presented to the eyes, for in our world of fog there are few objects to see with eyes. They have been rather things which came before the eyes of the mind. I have been thinking of our tendency to make use of religious words and phrases which other generations have coined and which we employ without having achieved the experience and the vital meaning which the phrase carried to the person who first coined it and put his life behind it. It is so

easy to slide along on the oiled groove of an ancient phrase! It is so difficult to have the freshness and power of creative and living experience! One trouble with these ancient phrases is that they grow effete. The occasion when they were born gave them significance and vitality. They expressed the heart of some issue. They came like water to ship-wrecked mariners dying of thirst. They have interpreted the deepest need of an epoch. For example, nobody needed to explain the phrase "inward light" in the middle of the seventeenth century. Those awakened souls who used the phrase felt that they had found something which delivered them from the dull and wooden theology of the schools and the pulpits of their time, and which made them crusaders for a *live idea*, a saving reality. But the phrase quickly grew ambiguous, as all transmitted and adopted phrases do grow. When one follows historically the series of attempts to explain and interpret this old phrase, one is left with a sense of confusion.

The way out of ambiguity is not to be found in the sphere of words. Religion is not a logomachy—a battle of words. The way out is to be found only in the sphere of actual experience. Science has made all its advances, not by reshuffling old words, but by discovering new facts, by enlarging the field of experience. We must learn in the same way, in the same spirit, to welcome change, to make adventures,

to grow, to develop, to live on into expanding truth. If we are to use still the old words and old phrases, they must at least be alive and throbbing with the content and meaning of our age. They must express something fresh and new and real. They must be saturated with life and experience—ours not merely the experience of a past time. We do not enough realize how profoundly the intellectual climate of the world has altered in the last three hundred years. We cannot think as men thought in the period of Descartes and John Locke. No less profound is the alteration of our social and economic outlook. If we tried to use the medicine or the chemistry, or the economic ideals of seventeen hundred and fifty, we should at once be jolted wide awake. Why should we suppose that nothing has been happening in the sphere of religion in these same mighty intervening years? Why should we think that we can conquer and win souls with the old phrases of another time? It is another case of Saul's armor on the youthful David.

If the reader does not like my reflections, he can charge them up to the chill and melancholy of the climate and to the fact that they are written on a day which really does not exist! What I am pleading for is discovery, adventure, first-hand experience, instead of the easy recital of a phrase.

IV

THE GLORIFICATION OF THE NEGATIVE

One of the most pathetic words in religious literature is the word *neti*, which frequently recurs in the sacred books of India. After climbing as far as the ladder of reason and experience will carry a man, the searcher for God halts and cries, *neti*—"He is not that." He uses all his ingenuity to describe the nature of God; he draws upon all his resources of wisdom and insight to give a lucid account of Him, and then, defeated and discouraged, he says in sadness, *neti*—"He is not that." His trouble is that for him God is infinite and absolutely perfect, and consequently beyond and above everything finite and imperfect. No word can express His fullness. No description can describe Him. Every attempt leaves the seeker still foundering in the regions of the finite, while God is forever *over there* beyond the finite.

Whatever your mind comes at,
I tell you flat
God is not that.

On this line of approach God is not only unknown, but unknowable. Nobody by any kind of Babel-

building or by any of our finite ladders could ever reach Him. *Neti* is written over all our strivings. This word expresses the tragic burden of thousands of years of thought and search for God. It is not only India but the West as well that has felt the pathos of the *via negativa*. Plotinus and Erigena, Eckhart and Spinoza, came back from their long trails with empty hands. They are sure that they have *seen*, but they cannot tell about it in any words of common speech. On the walls of the temple of Isis in Egypt some devoted worshiper tried to express this impossibility of divine revelation in the well-known words: "I am He that was and is and ever shall be and my veil has no man lifted." This same ineffability characterizes the great hymn of Bernard of Cluny, whose refrain is "*nescio, nescio*"—"I know not, I know not."

And *neti* applies not only to thought, but to action as well. The greatest spiritual genius of India, Gautama Buddha, concluded that all finite desire and all finite action end in failure and defeat. The supreme goal of life is nirvana—the *neti* of all human effort. It means "blown out" or "extinguished." It is the negation of desire, the surcease of action. It is obliteration of consciousness, the surrender of individual existence. In short, it is a state of being so transcendent that it can be described only in words of negation. Every function of life as we

know it comes to a full stop, every finite aim is quenched. You see men with finger nails ten inches long, incapacitated for any normal action, trying to hasten a nirvana consummation. Others hold an arm plumb upright, stiff and paralyzed, avoiding any chance of doing a wrong act by doing nothing at all. So, too, the finder of the Holy Grail ceases to be of any use for this world:

And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life.

The basis of the whole long tragedy is the difficulty involved in the abstract infinite. It is the cheap infinite which can be found only out beyond the limit of finites. It can begin only after the finite is left behind. The solution of the painful riddle lies in the discovery of a *concrete infinite*, an infinite which reveals itself through the finites, an eternity which is not beyond time, but which fuses and penetrates the temporal with a time-transcending quality.

When the railroad was being planned from Petrograd to Moscow, some of the engineers who were consulted told the Tsar that it was impossible. There were too many obstacles. Others proposed various loops and detours around swamps and lakes, or to avoid the impassable places. The Tsar quietly took a map of the region, laid down a ruler from

one of the cities to the other, and with his pencil drew a perfectly straight line, saying, "The road is going there; now go and build it along that straight-edge line." And that is where it *was* built. It is always thrilling when someone meets the doubts and questions and negations of men with an everlasting yea, when one comes who breaks a positive path for the race. That is one of the most striking things about Christ. He is the *Way*. He is the *Door*. He is the *Life*. St. Paul was impressed by this as much as St. John was. "In Jesus Christ," he says in Second Corinthians, "at last the divine *yes* has sounded." The character of God is revealed in a concrete Life. We have seen "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

We have made all our advances in the knowledge of electricity, not by positing some abstract electrical force above and beyond the phenomena which we observe, but rather by studying the nature of electricity as it is revealed in the inner tension of atoms, in the energies that break through the dynamo, in the incandescent light and in the leap of the lightning from cloud to cloud or from cloud to earth. All progress in biology has been marked, not by the assumption of an indescribable vital-force mysteriously operating behind the life cells, but rather by the study of life as it is revealed in and through organisms and organic wholes. We no longer talk of

the *will* in man as some super-entity above the thoughts and aims and ideals of the mind. The will is personality in action, it is the formed and fashioned tendency of the character revealed in decisions and deeds of life. So, too, we shall find God not in some realm beyond this vale of mutability, but here where we need Him in the midst of defeat and sin and pain and death. "Veil after veil has been lifted and ever the face is more beautiful," some later worshiper wrote on the opposite wall of that temple of Isis.

The infinite quality of life is there in that amazing love of Christ. The eternal aspect does not begin after the succession of temporal events is over, for that kind of Life which we see in Him *is* eternal Life. He is the *yes* of a new creation, with its inexhaustible implications and possibilities.

VII

FINDING THE WHOLE OF ONESELF

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I

THE SPIRITUAL FOUNDATIONS OF CHARACTER

WE talk very loosely about character. We use the word as we do so many other words, without quite knowing what meaning it carries. It is a good-sounding word, and we ring the changes on it. It would make for clarity in our work in church and school to stop for a moment and ask exactly what we mean by this noble word. What is *character*? Dependable trait of personality; a life one can count on; well-defined and carefully organized habits of life. No doubt here are some of the important aspects of it, but they are not quite enough. John Stuart Mill, with a stroke of genius, called character—that is, a good character—"a rightly fashioned will."

That statement of Mill's is pretty close to a perfect definition for the thing itself; but I am here concerned to find out what lies beneath it and be-

hind it as its spring and driving force. We have learned to see that character is the expression of a life, of a spirit, of a nature, which is the source and power of the expression or the activity; it is what Mill calls the "will," for a will is just a tendency to act. When we talk, therefore, about "the foundation of character," we are talking about these "deeper springs" or driving forces that produce "dependable action" and "rightly fashioned will activity." What, then, are the right springs of life, for these are the foundation of character.

There are two very different sets of "springs." Earliest in life and always powerfully operative are our *instincts*. They are born with us and have a long racial history behind them. We could not live and mature without them. They have to do with our survival, they send us after food, and they look out for our self-interests. They possess an urge and drive that cannot be neglected or mistaken. Instinctive appetites are not easily hushed; they assert themselves. These, with the emotions and passions, which are also rooted in instinct, are what St. Paul means by the "flesh," which is at war with the law and the spirit and the higher life generally.

On the other hand, there is another great set of "springs" of a very different sort. These are *ideals and sentiments*. We are not born with these: they must be won, created, achieved. But it is by these

secondary springs alone that our appetites, instincts, emotions and passions can be controlled and conquered, or—better still—organized, raised and sublimated—that is, purified, refined and spiritualized. People used to suppose that instincts could be defied, stamped out, killed, eradicated. We now see that very often by these ruthless methods they were “driven in” as measles sometimes are. They were repressed, masked, hidden; but they went on working within as subconscious or unconscious forces and often played havoc with the body or mind or soul of the individual.

The better and sounder way to deal with these primary springs, these powerful instinctive forces, is to lift them up into some constructive ideal system or to give them scope in some noble sentiment. The instinct of fear, for instance, can be raised to a much higher level in awe and reverence. A tendency to anger can be raised to a righteous indignation against sin and evil. What once were lower instinctive appetites can become great driving forces in ideal aims, such as love for others, for country, for church, for God. No ideal is effective if it is not charged and penetrated with the driving force of emotion; but if it is to be truly an *ideal*, these forces must not be raw and crude, as our primitive instincts are, but they must be purified, exalted and transformed by unselfish aims and purposes.

This brings us, then, to the all-important final question: How do we form constructive ideals and noble sentiments? Some of us were fortunate enough to be born into homes where such ideals and sentiments form the subtle, everyday atmosphere of life. The child's thoughts are lifted quite naturally and simply from lower appetites and selfish aims to acts of helpfulness and loving interest in service for others. This early discipline is the most important training there ever can be. It is far more precious than any money inheritance that a parent can leave a child, for in a good home ideals and sentiments are formed as naturally as habits of dressing or eating are. Some children have already sublimated their instincts while they are still very young. George Fox, who was born three hundred years ago, tells us in his *Journal* that he had before he was eleven.

That is the right and normal period to learn to love God and to feel the divine attractions of Christ's perfect life. Faith and love are quickly and easily born in any normal child if his natural traits of trust and confidence are not disturbed and shattered, and if he has about him an atmosphere of love, trust and confidence. Nothing does so much to form ideals and sentiments in a child as does the cultivation of genuine love for an ideal Person like

Christ, who himself lived and died for others and for truth and goodness.

Unfortunately all children do not have such happy, blessed homes; and even when they do have them it is always well to have the home supplemented by other idealizing forces. These other idealizing forces, or spiritual forces (for they mean the same thing), are likely to be found at their best in the church or in the Sunday school. One reason why the church and Sunday school are necessary, even where the family is an ideal influence as described above, is that all children form their aims and purposes best in social groups of their own age. There is a natural tendency to imitate and follow those who have leadership traits, prestige, heroic qualities; and children when thrown together quickly feel the power of suggestion and inspiration from those who are keenest and best in their groups. If some fine boy or girl with leadership, in a group in church or Sunday school, is filled with an interest and a love for the Bible, for Christ, for the Divine Father, it works amazingly on the rest of the group.

Then, besides the unconscious influence of the social group, every child needs the strong, directive influence of some good teacher or minister, or both. It is immensely important for a young person to find someone older than himself who embodies for him

those religious ideals which he ought to be building into his character—the ideals that will raise and transform his selfish instincts and set him toward more spiritual aims. But it must be someone whom he admires, someone who understands him, someone who awakens his deepest interest and *kindles* him with enthusiasm. It is thus extremely important to have the right person for minister and the right spiritual guide for a Sunday school class. We are usually awakened to the higher life, we form the spiritual springs of our character, because we discover somebody really cares for and loves us, or because we ourselves have love awakened in us. The key that unlocks a life is, I believe, always a loving heart. Therefore, those of us who have the sacred oversight and guidance of young persons ought to be very tender, kind, sympathetic, loving, and quick to share ourselves with those who need us; for out of the *heart* are the issues of life.

II

RELIGION NATURAL TO THE HUMAN SOUL

In his greatest constructive book on the Philosophy of Religion, published twenty-five years ago, Auguste Sabatier declared that man “is incurably religious.” “I am religious,” this interesting French scholar asserts, “*because I am a man.*” He boldly

takes the ground that the moment the human soul reveals its essential nature it shows a native tendency—what the biologists would call a “tropism”—to seek for God. Tertullian, who could sometimes talk as a Roman lawyer and lean very strongly toward a religion of authority, in a famous passage has insisted that the testimony of the soul, when it stands forth in its native powers and speaks out of its experience, is religious—“whenever the soul comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and attains something of its natural soundness, it speaks of God.” William James, in his *Psychology*, bears his positive testimony to the fact that man in his normal inner processes seeks and finds a “Great Companion.” “We hear,” he says “in these days of scientific enlightenment, a great deal of discussion about the efficacy of prayer; and many reasons are given us why we should not pray, whilst others are given why we should. But in all this very little is said of the reason why we *do* pray, which is simply that we cannot help praying. The impulse to pray is a necessary consequence of the fact that whilst the innermost of the empirical selves of a man is a Self of the *social* sort, it can yet find its adequate *Socius* only in an ideal world.” “We are haunted,” he goes on to say, “by this sense of an ideal spectator.”

Here are three different types of men, all con-

tending that religion is grounded in the essential nature of man. The testimony could be greatly increased, and it would carry much weight if it did not meet with certain somewhat solemn facts on the other side of the account. We are confronted by a generation of boys and girls in our schools and colleges who often seem to be non-religious, "untroubled by a spark." They are not lawless, they are not anti-social. They are no more unethical than students have been in the past, often they are less so. They merely seem to have no interest in religion. They appear to be unconcerned whether God exists or not. If He does exist He is not on their list of acquaintances, and they give the matter no further consideration. Their lives are full of activity but lacking in depth. They seem to have eliminated that dimension of the soul which opens out into contact and fellowship with a great, invisible Companion.

This situation, serious as it is, does not, I think, alter the central facts to which the above-quoted experts bear witness. The apparent drop of religious interest on the part of the present rising generation is due to a number of cumulative causes, and is almost certainly a temporary stage. Religion—like any instinctive tendency—is easily checked, inhibited or masked. If, when a fundamental tendency "ripens," it does not receive the proper stimu-

lus, encouragement and backing, it is apt to "fade out" and disappear, or at least to become quiescent and dormant. This has happened to many young people in our time. The positive inculcation of religion has been absent in a very large number of homes. When the stage of wonder and awe was reached nothing was done to meet it, to foster it, to feed it, and to raise it to its true significance and glory. The Sunday school, as well as a great deal of the other religious nurture outside of the home, has been crude, old-fashioned, dogmatic and superficial. It has not been, in many cases, of a type that interests, arrests and attracts the growing boy or girl in our present-day complex world. It has been in large measure out of line with the facts of life which these same boys and girls were acquiring in their reading and in their conversation with their fellows. Then came the studies in science and history in school and college which strike straight across the group of ideas that have been accumulated in the field of religion. The rivalry is sharp and acute. The secular teaching is backed with solid authority, it is verified by example and experiment, and the other stock of ideas is challenged and found wanting. It quickly slides out of the mind, but it leaves the youth disillusioned. He—and also she—has now learned to discount in advance the great verities of the eternal world, and henceforth the main con-

cern is to keep the feet on the ground and to "cash in" as many items of passing pleasure as possible.

In spite of this melancholy situation—and I think I have not overstated it—religion is a native, natural, normal function of the human soul. Under proper nurture and guidance every child would leap to religion with spontaneity and joy, as he rises to the other great functions of his being when they come in process with the unfolding of his life. My reason for saying this is that there is a fundamental push or urge in the very structure of our being which makes the individual person over-finite. He transcends himself and goes out beyond the fringes of his finite life as soon as he begins to become self-conscious. Tied up though he is to a body of limited size and weight, fixed though he is in a definite region of space and a definite period of time, he nevertheless rises above both space and time and transcends every known limit that appears to coop him up and hem him in. He looks before and after, he travels beyond what *is*, he forecasts what has not happened and acts continually by the vision of what his soul feels ought to be. He creates ideals. He looks down as from a wider tower of observation upon all temporal events and happenings. He judges his choices and his deeds, not merely on a basis of their success or failure, but on an absolute basis of whether they are *intrinsically* right and good.

This strange being we call "man" is a kind of amphibian creature who can live in a realm of space and time and matter, but who can and does also live in a higher realm of supersensuous reality. This capacity, the most amazing thing about us, is what fits us for the practice of religion and sends us on our quests for our Divine Companion and keeps us moving on toward the city of God.

But that is only half of the story. The other half is more wonderful still. There is a strange story in Genesis, which tells how men in the Plains of Shinar, in the cradle stage of the race, built, or tried to build, a great tower up into the sky to reach God and to get into companionship with Him. The whole New Testament, on the other hand, is occupied with that wonderful other half of the story. It is forever telling how God Himself is the seeker. He transcends Himself. He does not stay apart, as Aristotle thought He did, absorbed in Himself, sufficient unto Himself, too great and too pure to come into contact or fellowship with imperfect beings of our lowly type. On the contrary we are led to believe that *love* is the fundamental trait of His nature. Goodness is the essential characteristic of His being. He is an eternal Father, a spontaneous Lover of men, interested in all that concerns the *making of man*. He gives Himself freely, He shares His life with us, He suffers with us in our mistakes and

blunders and sins, He is always trying to find us and to bring us home.

If this is so—and it is the very substance of Christ's proclamation and the heart of the Gospel message—then there is something divine in man and something human in God, and we can find each other and enjoy each other. He became man that we might become divine. Just *that* is what the mystic asserts. He asserts it, because he has found it to be so in his own first-hand experience. For him in the last analysis religion rests as solidly on experience as do the facts of the world he sees and touches.

If God is Spirit and man is spirit it is not strange, absurd or improbable that there should be communion and correspondence between them. The odd thing is that we have correspondence with a world of matter, not that we have correspondence with a world of spiritual reality like our own inner nature. The thing that needs explanation is how we have commerce with rocks and hills and sky. It seems natural that we should have commerce with That which is most like ourselves.

Thou shouldst not wonder more, if well I judge,
At thine *ascent*, than at a rivulet
From some high mount *descending* to the plain.
Marvel it would be in thee, if deprived
Of hindrance, thou wert seated down below,
As if on earth the living fire were quiet.

We get accustomed to certain experiences which occur with regularity and we draw a line around these, mark them off as natural and normal and assume that we understand them since we can assign a cause for them and "explain" them with well-known phrases which we have coined. Other experiences, not so universal and not capable of being organized or explained in terms of space and cause, are looked upon with suspicion. As a matter of fact, our sense experience of an external world is one of our supreme mysteries and we have not solved the mystery when we have talked learnedly about molecular vibrations and brain paths. The mystery remains deep and unfathomable.

It is not a whit more mysterious when the God who is Spirit surges into our consciousness and floods us with a joyous sense of real presence and gives us the evidence

That very near about us lies
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.
 The sphere of the supernal powers
 Impinges on this world of ours.

Sometimes when I do not have on my bifocal spectacles I pick up an important book and try to read it. I hold it far away at arm's length and then I can read the large letters of the title page,

but when I turn to the text all I can see is a strange medley of "pot-hooks and cranes." I can just make out that these marks mean *words* and I can distinguish where one word ends and another begins, but read I cannot. I know that these printed signs might convey an important message to me if only I could see them clearly enough to grasp their meaning, but I cannot do it. I go to hunt my glasses. I find them, hook them on over my ears and bring the lenses into place in front of the eyes. Then, presto, the whole page alters! It is no longer covered with meaningless marks. I become *clair-voyant* and see through the signs to their meaning. I catch the message which I missed. It has swung into the range of visibility and I apprehend it. Some such change of vision and of *meaning* in the whole congeries of things occurs when an experience of God comes to a person. The world has not changed, the things which are there are not different, but they have come up into greater visibility because the beholder has discovered how to *see*—at last has got "speculation" in his eyes, to use Macbeth's phrase. He passes over from theory, from hearsay, from doctrine, from external authority, from words, words, words, to knowledge of acquaintance and to unwavering, first-hand conviction.

I do not believe this needs to be so rare and unusual. I maintain that we are built for it and

possess the apparatus for it in our native structure. The difficulty is that we take "the other world," i. e., the world of matter, the world of business, the world of pig iron and pork, as the *one reality*. We live in it and for it. We have formed our language for *that*. We have trained our senses to see that, to measure it and describe it. We do not expect any other. We do not learn to *build inward*, to read the signs of spiritual fellowship with an invisible Companion, to take the way of the Spirit to that Life which is all the time as near us as is the breath which sustains our life. Wordsworth tells us, in his prose preface to his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," that for him as a boy the inner realities were much more real than were the solid things of matter outside. "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school I have grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself." Most of us lean the other way and build on the outward. We need to *recall ourselves* to the reality of "that world within the world we see." We need to open the gate and let the tides of spiritual energy flood in and vitalize us with the real presence, felt and known and tested through its moral power revealed in our personal lives.

III

THE INNER LIFE

If we could find some way to make the skull of a person's head transparent so that we could look through all the coverings and see the cortex of the brain, and if still further we could magnify the brain cells and could see the molecular processes operating there, we could on occasion plot out some very interesting brain storms and cyclone vortexes in the gray matter of our friends. It would be more interesting entertainment to watch the storm waves in our neighbor's brains than it now is to hear radio vibrations from a broadcasting station. We should perhaps learn in time to guess from the curves and swirls in the molecular currents of the brain what was going on in the mind of the person who owned the brain. We should see for instance a wild sweep of movements in a lobe and from it infer that our friend was in the grip of a great fear, and then, again, we should see a leaping, throbbing current coursing through another set of cells and we should know that a great love possessed the soul of this person! But no matter how far we perfected our system of observation and of interpretation there would forever remain an irreconcilable difference between what was happening in the physical brain and what was occurring in the inner soul of the man.

The outer processes and the inner experience are forever on two wholly different levels. On one level you have *molecules* and on the other you have *spirit*, and they seem respectively to link up with two universes—the universe of matter and the universe of Spirit. There is some connection between them no doubt, but we have not yet found the key that unlocks the secret. Matter is so obvious and so palpable that it is apt to absorb our attention and make us forget the no less important fact of the impalpable world within us and beyond us.

Creation does not stop with the making of a perfect human body, wonderful as that is. The eye, with its delicate adjustment for vibrating to color rays; the ear, with its thousands of harp strings stretched to beat in response to the waves of sound; the wonderful brain, reaching down through its myriad network of nerves that carry out and carry in the messages; the heart, with its intricate systems of veins and arteries for reaching every cell of the body—these are as perfect as material organs can be; and the work of material creation seems complete with the production of the human body. But, alas, that which is perfect and complete is ready to vanish away, and the body no sooner gets finished than it begins to run down and wear out and waste away! It has no future; no bud of farther hope lies within it. It is the most marvelous organism and

the most perfect form in the visible creation, and it dies daily until it is reduced to the dust from which it is made.

If this body of death were the crown of creation then there would be only one word for it—failure. Make the body never so perfect, and it must still come woefully short of any worthy goal. In fact, we soon find that it is the man within the visible man that we really care for. It is not the hundred or more avoirdupois pounds of flesh that we love—not the dust wreath—but the SELF that uses this visible form and speaks to us through it.

The creation and perfection of this man within are the highest ends of life so far as we have any revelation of them. This spiritual self can have but one origin—it must be born from above. It is not a thing of decaying flesh or of disintegrating matter, nor can it come from them. It comes from God, who is its home, and its perfection must go on by a divine plan—according to the law of the spirit of life which was in Christ Jesus. Like anything else, it grows by what it feeds on. It has its hungers and its thirsts which must be satisfied with real things, not with shadows.

It is clearly evident that a spiritual self cannot be forced; it must make its own choices. Its life must be formed by its own resolves and decisions. It goes up or down as it chooses. The light shines

for it, the gifts of God are all about it, the heavenly visions are granted it—the cords of an infinite love pull at it; but it decides for itself what its response shall be, and thus it chooses what its attainment shall be. The law of its being is to go from more to more. Every time it uses the light and appropriates the gift and sees the vision and responds to the love it expands and increases its range and scope. Every attainment is thus a prophecy of something more beyond. It can never come to its goal as the body does—that is, to the point where it must begin to run down—for its end and perfection are nothing short of likeness to Jesus Christ and the fullness of God. Its very imperfection is its glory, for it points it ever on to something which lies before. It is never left high and dry as a finished and completed thing with no more capacity for increase. The making of the man within the man is thus a continuous creation, and the desire to attain perfection is the measure of the man.

Body may go to pieces, but this spiritual self continues to be what it has made itself by its choices and its loves. The tree that grows toward the light forms its center of gravity on that side and finally falls toward the light. The soul that chooses to be a son of God may wait with perfect assurance for the time when Christ shall be seen as He is, and the likeness shall be completed.

VIII

GOING ON AND STILL TO BE

VIII

GOING ON AND STILL TO BE

THERE has come unmistakably a profound change in man's attitude toward the future life, i. e., life after death. The thought of "rewards and punishments" has dropped to a place of slight importance for most of us and we of the present generation are concerned primarily with the hope and possibility of fulfilling our complete and legitimate destiny as men, as persons. We care little to pry into the mysteries of the beyond. We do not aspire to peep behind the scenes. We are ready to wait calmly and serenely for events to confirm our faith that what is to be must "tally with what is best in Nature. It cannot be inferior in tone to the already known works of the Artist who sculptures the globes of the firmament and writes the moral law." The supreme issue of a person's life is to live as though he were immortal and as though he belonged to an eternal order.

The expectation of life after death is one of the oldest traits of human nature. It appears in some

form or other to have been well-nigh universal to the race. Wherever primitive man has left any record or any intimation of his deepest interests, this interest in life after death is certain to hold a foremost place. The expectation, when once it emerged into man's consciousness, became a factor of the first importance in shaping the dominating ideas and controlling purposes of his life. He very soon hit upon the inference that the consequence of his deeds in this life would be preserved and would come back upon him in his other world. Hence, he came to believe that the invisible rulers of that other world were in some sense the guardians of the moral life here in this world. These views and attitudes, however vaguely held, worked profoundly in determining his actions and in forming the entire structure of his religious faith and practice. It has been the most creative force behind all man's achievements. If this expectation of continued life had from the first been absent from man's consciousness, the whole course of human destiny would have been utterly different and we should have had an immensely altered civilization and culture. The late Professor Shaler of Harvard, in his book entitled *The Individual*, makes this impressive statement: "If we should seek some one mark which, in the intellectual march from brutes to man, might denote the passage to the human side, we might

well find it in the moment when it dawned upon the nascent man that death was a mystery which he had in his turn to meet." Hunger, love and expectation of personal results after death are, I think, the three supreme influences that have shaped the course of man's march through the centuries that are behind us. Perhaps nothing else has done so much to elevate and exalt human love as has this faith in a life beyond.

That urgently raises the question why men everywhere came to hold this expectation. What gave birth to the belief that something in man survives the event of death? How did primitive peoples, with all their variations of mental capacity and imaginative power, all hit upon a common faith that life survives death?

The beginnings of this momentous spiritual achievement of the race are very lowly, for here as everywhere the higher emerges from the lower, and the spiritual values are to be read not in terms of primitive origin, but in the light of their expanded and developed significance. We shall judge them not by what they have come from, but by the good to which they have carried us. It used to be the tendency a generation ago to revert at once to "animism" for the answer to the question of the origin of the belief in survival as well as for the origin of many other primitive "faiths." "Animism"

is a word which covers man's early group of mythological generalizations about the nature of life, more specifically about the nature of the soul. It is assumed by those who have given "animism" its vogue and standing that dreams and trances and hallucinations first led primitive peoples to the discovery of "a spiritual self," living and acting inside the body. At the earliest stage, as is now the case with the tiny child, no discrimination was made between body and soul, flesh and spirit. The visible, tangible, corporeal body, feeling, perceiving, desiring, acting, *was* the person. No line was drawn between outer and inner. Then gradually the mission of dreams came into play. In his vivid dreams this early child-minded man discovered that there was a finer, thinner, subtler, nimbler "inside self," which could on occasion leave the body and go off on its own affairs and then come back again into the body. A man in his primitive cave or hut or wigwam would dream of going out on a hunting expedition. He would feel the excitement of the chase, have many thrilling episodes, join with other tribesmen, spend what might seem like hours of pursuit or battle, and wake up to be told by his companions in the den that his *body* had not moved from its sleeping place. But he knew that he had been hunting and had seen things happen, for dreams were scarcely less *real* to him than facts. There must be something inside

him that had gone out and had had the round of experiences. The accumulation of these dream experiences would steadily deepen his conviction that he was a *double being*, a being with an outside and an inside self. "Possessions," trances and telepathic experiences would also add their stock of evidence to his conclusion that he was something more than a body. The *breath* which comes in and out of the mouth and which seems indispensable to life was almost everywhere linked up in speech with this inner life, while in many languages the same word is used for breath and for soul, or inside self. In Greek the word is *animos*, in Latin, *animus*, from which the generic term "animism" is derived.

Having once hit upon the conclusion that he had an *animus* which did things within himself, it was easy for primitive man to leap to the larger generalization that everything that acts anywhere in the universe does so because it has an agent, an *animus* within it—it is ensouled. Thus from feeble beginnings grew up the vast system of primitive mythology which explains all phenomena by the presence or influence of an *animus* moving, feeling, acting behind the visible thing. On his dream expeditions, too, the dreamer would often meet, vividly see and talk with persons who were long since dead. There in the hunt or the battle would reappear, as though alive again, the dreamer's deceased father or

brother or war chief, and he would have the evidence of his eyes, at least his dream eyes, that those persons whose bodies had plainly enough died were nevertheless themselves still alive—alive, that is, as far as the *animus*, or spirit, was concerned. The after world of primitive man, the spirit world or ghost world of his speculations, was quite obviously builded to fit these dim experiences of dream and trance hallucination, and thus we discover the first stage of human faith in a continued life and a world beyond.

This animistic theory of life and survival, however, presupposes capacities and powers in man that are usually too lightly touched upon, or more often left wholly out of account. The being who is said to have constructed this elaborate theory of his inner life and who imaged forth the scenery and circumstance of a world of continuing spirits was already *the kind of person who felt the need of extending his universe in ideal directions*. He was more than a dreamer of dreams, more than a seer of the flitting souls of dead ancestors who came to join him in the hunt. He was an imaginative, creative being, living out beyond the frontiers of his space and time world. He already transcended the little contracted, bounded world which his eyes and hands gave him, and he was busy with the world which his mind was beginning to give him. There

is something in the fundamental nature of man which sends him out *beyond himself*. At first "the beyond" is sought in space; later "the beyond" is found to be within himself. Man's spirit is *over-finite*. He always transcends what he has before his consciousness. He transcends himself. He looks before and after and lives *for what is not yet*. He looks down on his thoughts and acts, and judges them in the light of an ideal. It is this deep-lying trait of "a more yet within him" that gives man his sense of wonder, mystery, awe and sublimity in the presence of stupendous things and momentous experiences such as birth and death. Something unfathomable within is powerfully moved and stirred by overpowering objects and events. The fitting emotion and the attitude of adjustment instinctively occur and then the individual proceeds to explain why he had the emotion and the attitude. Primitive man acts first and reflects and explains afterwards. I am insisting here that man was from the first the kind of being that could not be satisfied with anything short of immortal life.

Socrates and Plato were the first persons to think through and systematically to express the implications of man's inner life and thus to put the faith in a continuing life on a new and higher level. There seems to be no doubt that Socrates possessed an intense faith that death is not an evil but a good. He

met the verdict of death from his judges with the words: "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better only God knows." And in the last moments of his life in prison, before he drank the poison, he told his friends that a man about to die ought to be of "good cheer about his soul," for "the prize is fair and the hope is great," and "the venture of death is a glorious one." It is to Plato, however, his loftiest disciple, that we owe the weightiest philosophical arguments for immortality which the ancient world presented. We pass over here in Plato from a mere dim hope of survival to a reasoned faith in immortal life. Plato was the first person to put the ground of faith in immortal life squarely on the fundamental nature of the soul and on the moral values revealed through personality. His argument as it is formulated in the *Phaedo* seems to us now antiquated and ineffective, but Plato's *Dialogues* nevertheless reveal a point of view which is still vital and convincing. There is in man, he holds, an inner center of reality which is inherently linked up with a divine and supersensuous world from which he has come and to which it indissolubly belongs. The supreme values of the deeper universe—beauty, truth, love and goodness—have their home and habitat in our souls as well as in the eternal nature of this deeper world of

reality. We are in it and of it now and forever, for nothing physical and temporal can destroy that whose intrinsic nature is eternal. The soul that has become an organ of beauty, truth, love and goodness, which are eternal realities, is itself thereby an eternal and abiding reality and no longer doomed to the fate of things which belong to the world of time and space.

Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Immortal life for Plato attaches essentially to the supreme spiritual values of life.

An early Christian writer (2 Tim. i. 10) declared that Christ has "put down death and brought life and immortality to light." It is a great claim to make but it is at the same time profoundly true. He raised the belief in immortality to a level so much higher and to a conviction so much more intense that we date our faith in the future life, as we do our centuries and our calendar, from His coming. The faith rests primarily on the fact that He exhibited a life which embodied and revealed

eternal life here in the midst of time. He showed "the power of an endless life" and He convinced His followers that death had not ended His life, but that through death He had risen to a new and greater mission and destiny.

The important thing, however, in Christ's revelation of immortality is not the fact that life goes on after death. Mere "going on" might not be very desirable—to some it would be terrible to go on forever the same poor old self. What Christ does is to announce and demonstrate a new kind of life, a new order of life which is essentially "eternal life." The phrase, "eternal life" is peculiar to the Fourth Gospel, but the *truth* of eternal life is everywhere implicit in the synoptic accounts. "Life," as Jesus uses it, means life in its eternal or absolute sense. "Eternal" is not to be taken primarily in a quantitative sense, to signify mere endlessness. It is rather a life of new dimensions, life raised to new capacities—the full opening out of life Godward. By a birth from above the soul partakes of the Life of God and enters upon a type of life as inexhaustible as His life is and as incapable of being ended by physical catastrophes. To be "born of God" is to rise above the world and to live by forces and energies that are from beyond its sphere and limits.

St. Paul, in the first place, rested his tremendous

hope and expectation on continued life after death, on what for him was the historical fact of Christ's resurrection. He gives in First Corinthians, which is our earliest written account of the resurrection, the list of those who *saw* Christ after His crucifixion, putting himself in the list as one whose entire life had been transformed and reconstructed by what he elsewhere calls his "heavenly vision." He then proceeds to call Christ the head of a new race, a new Adam who has inaugurated a new and immortal type of man. Christ is "the first fruit" of an immense harvest of those who are to live again after the defeat of death—this new Adam being essentially *a life-giving spirit*. When we pass over into Second Corinthians, we find that St. Paul's doctrine of immortality has greatly expanded and taken on richer meaning. Here, in chapters iii to v, which give his final interpretation of immortal life, he takes the position that by correspondence with the life-giving spirit of Christ we build up and construct even while on earth an "inward man," a hidden inside self, which rises triumphantly above the process of decay that dissolves the outward, bodily man. This outward man, he declares, is only the tent in which the real self, the inward man, dwells and abides. Suffering, struggle, hardship, persecution, tribulation, only refine and purify the "inward man" and perfect it. It lives and nourishes

itself not on the world of space and time—it “looks not at things which are temporal”—but it lives by the forces of the unseen and eternal. Death, i. e., the dissolution of the body—the external, empirical me—only liberates and sets free the deeper, truer self, which has been slowly formed and woven day by day through correspondence with the unseen and eternal.

But St. Paul does not think of this “inward man” as “a naked soul,” a bare entity that survives without the qualities of form and personality. We shall not be “naked,” he says, not “unclothed”—not stripped of those personal traits of character by which we know one another. We shall still possess a “body” as the bearer of all those precious values of personal life and character. It will not, however, be a body composed of matter, like our former “tent,” but it will be a permanent house or habitation divinely made of heavenly, spiritual material, to fit the environment of our new life. But this new and heavenly structure that forms the abiding, permanent substance of the liberated soul is not something suddenly and miraculously produced at the moment of death; it is rather the inner, spiritual man that is slowly being built as we live and correspond with the world of spiritual realities, so that when the outer falls off the inner is all ready for its new stage, somewhat as the imago, or full-formed butterfly,

emerges from the chrysalis which is henceforth only an empty shell.

This, in the very briefest interpretation, is the substance of the New Testament teaching. The faith of Christian believers is built (a) on the continued life of Christ, (b) on the fact that the fundamental nature of the moral life demands this larger fulfillment.

It has, however, been felt by many modern persons, caught in the drift of materialistic thought, that all these hopes go to wreck on the facts of brain psychology. Must not the spirit end when its instrument breaks down? The materialistic tendencies of the present time have beyond question had a serious influence on the hopes of men and many precious ideals have gone down under the strain. It has seemed to many that if consciousness is a function of the brain, as they suppose it to be, then conscious personality appears to be doomed to come to an end when the brain ceases to have functions, i. e., when it is no longer the organ of the mind. This situation has come with a staggering weight to a great many persons in our generation. It is, however, not a new problem. Plato even in his day had already faced the same issue.

He says that, if the soul is related to the body as music is related to a harp, then we have no ground for hope. When the harp strings break, the music

stops; and so too, on that theory, when the body breaks down the soul ceases. Plato, however, denies that this is a correct analogy, and he suggests that the true relation between soul and body is like that between a rower and his boat. If the boat breaks to pieces the rower can get a new boat and go on rowing! Does modern psychology hold out any hope that the soul can get a new instrument when the old one comes to an end, or is personal consciousness a mere function of the brain, as music is of a harp and so doomed to perish when the instrument falls to pieces? There is no doubt a very close connection between brain and consciousness. Certain stimulants alter our ways of thinking and acting. An injury to the brain may interrupt consciousness, and when the brain activity slows down in sleep consciousness is profoundly transformed. From such facts as these many persons have hastily jumped to the conclusion that consciousness is a *product* of the brain and therefore ends when the brain ends. This argument, however, is by no means coercive or compelling. In the first place, no psychologist (or anybody else!) *knows* what the connection is between brain and consciousness. It is as great a mystery as how a genie came to build Aladdin a palace when he rubbed his lamp. No psychologists of standing hold that consciousness is a mere product of the brain, that it is for example

“secreted” by the brain. If consciousness is not a product of the brain, what other possible relation can be thought of? William James, Henri Bergson and other eminent investigators have suggested that the brain may be a *transmissive medium*, by which consciousness manifests itself in this world of space and time, somewhat as a prism is a transmissive medium through which light manifests its color possibilities. The prism does not create or produce the light, it merely lets it through and spreads it out into the rainbow or spectrum color-band. So, too, on this supposition, the brain does not create or produce consciousness; it rather lets it through from its world of deeper reality into this world of time and space, of change and flux, where

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

On this theory we may assume that the real function of the brain lies in this, that it offers a temporal medium for a single personal consciousness to differentiate itself from the total whole of larger, deeper consciousness of the inner universe, and to organize itself into a permanent character. If the brain is injured or clouded or muddled, it no longer transmits well, but that does not destroy the soul, or self, that is using it to manifest itself through into the world of speech and signs. Nor

does the destruction of the transmissive medium necessarily carry with it the destruction of the organized self that used this organ.

"If my boat sink it is to another sea." Those who are familiar with Tennyson will remember that something like this was his view. He believed that there is a deeper world within the visible one :

That true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

He taught that the new-born child draws his inner being into bounds from this boundless vast of Consciousness :

A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds.

and then the main business of life is to rise from the stage of dim twilight consciousness to a completely differentiated personal self-consciousness :

As he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

If this view is sound, and it fits scientific fact as well as theory, there is no coercive reason for thinking that personality ceases with the decay of the brain. When the individuality is organized the brain has performed its function and may drop off as the old leaves do when the new shoots push out with fresh life within them.

Tennyson, in his fundamental faith concerning immortality, had been profoundly influenced by Kant, and so, too, though in a less degree, had Robert Browning, one of the most virile and robust interpreters of man's immortal hope. Kant, like Plato, buttressed his rational faith in immortality entirely upon the moral nature of man. There is in man, Kant declares, an unescapable, moral categorical imperative. It is a universally valid moral law, laid down in the very structure and essential nature of reason. It is an unconditional command of duty, whose only motive is reverence for the law itself. This is the most august and the most creative thing in us. Everything else is capricious and contingent. This is absolute and unvarying. In all our other stages of experience, we must accept what

is laid down for us by external conditions, but in the moral sphere we ourselves determine *what ought to be*—we create ends for ourselves. There seems to be, as Plato also thought, something in us that belongs to a deeper universe than the one in space, and here we come upon the primal and supreme thing in our being—an unconditioned moral capacity which carries with it, for Kant, immense implications, freedom, God and immortality. Tennyson has finely interpreted this position of Kant's in his "In Memoriam":

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto Him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

There has been in recent times a new revival of hope in what is sometimes called the empirical evidence of a continued life beyond death. There have

been many persons through whom have seemed to come "communications" from the spirits of those who had passed into the life beyond. These "communications" are usually made through persons who are at the time in trance and who profess to act as "mediums" for these disincarnate spirits. The reports are made, sometimes in writing and sometimes by voice, but in both cases the hand or lips seem to the "medium" to be moved automatically by something acting beyond the will of the writer or the speaker. These "communications" are being subjected to careful examination and scientific study, but it is too soon to speak with final authority on the actual evidence which such things offer for the certainty of a life after death. At the best, however, even if these communications were taken at their full face value they would still give but feeble light on the ancient quest for immortal life. The evidence, construed at its most hopeful meaning, would only support the possibility of survival; it would not establish immortality. It might be taken, if the facts are authentic, to indicate that some sort of life continues, at least for a time, after death. It is, however, at best a return to "animism," and does not bring the robust and joyous confidence that there is a type of life which is inherently immortal. For that triumphant hope we must turn to the profound moral and spiritual grounds of

immortality which are best expressed by St. Paul, or to the *a priori* faith that immortality attaches as a necessary postulate to the fundamental nature of the moral life—as Kant has interpreted it. Tennyson, again, has put this point vividly in the lines of “In Memoriam”:

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forever-more,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

* * * * *

Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

IX

“I BELIEVE IN GOD”

IX

"I BELIEVE IN GOD"

I SHALL begin by telling briefly of the grounds which make me feel sure of God and then I shall follow on to tell how I think of Him.

In the first place I think of the universe, not as a dull, dead, mechanical thing, but rather, when it is viewed in its deepest nature, as something *spiritual*. This does not mean that matter can be reduced to spirit. It is too soon to talk with assurance about the nature of matter. Nobody knows what it will turn out to be and consequently we must wait for more light. But in any case, whenever we view the universe from its upward sweep, it turns out to be an unfolding, a significant, a *dramatic*, movement. To think of this agelong, upward trend as an accidental movement is too excessively absurd. It has come from somewhere, it means something and it acts as though it were going somewhere. It is an amazingly complicated development, but it moves in one general direction, from lower stages to higher. It shows from beginning to end an organizing

tendency of ever-increasing complexity. New and unpredictable forms of organization on new and ever higher levels have emerged, raising the entire cosmic process from a mere circular and recurrent movement to a spiral and upward-climbing one.

As soon as matter appeared in its simplest atomic structure it showed a tendency to form more complex organizations, everywhere conforming to mathematical laws and principles. Not an atom curves anywhere in the immense universe that does not obey geometry. Then at the next stage, its origin so far unexplored, life emerged. Here entered an entirely new type of organization, new and undreamed of capacities and at the same time loaded with a *forward urge and a tendency to vary and produce unique forms*. Then through these living forms consciousness emerged and at the culminating level, as we know it, personal self-consciousness emerged. On these higher stages of life, where we ourselves now are, there breaks through what we are accustomed to call spiritual values, such as beauty, love, truth, dedication, goodness, holiness. The universe has produced these glorious things as certainly as it has produced pig iron and potash. It must be the kind of universe which could produce what it has produced—and that means a spiritual universe.

For my second ground I find man, in his deepest

fundamental nature, to be a spiritual being. He is often enough, no doubt, mean and sinful, frivolous and foolish. But when you find the real citadel of man's being it is a holy place—very near to God. Those laws and principles of mathematics which control the forms and movements of the universe are laws, too, of our own mind, unvarying principles by which we do our thinking. These values, too, which the universe reveals—beauty, truth, love, and goodness—are the very things by which we live, the very stuff and fiber of our souls.

Then, furthermore, we are forever haunted by something beyond ourselves. There seems to be a sense of eternity, of infinity, felt within ourselves. Nothing finite satisfies us, no achievement, no attainment ever seems adequate. There is always "a more yet" stretching on beyond our grasp. There is a beyond not only outside us and above us; there is as well a beyond within us. We always carry a ladder with us. We are self-transcendent beings, no more capable of bounding ourselves than of inclosing the sky. We are forever ourselves *plus*, and the plus is the main fact. Here lie many of our tragedies, but at the same time this glory of the imperfect, this glory of going on, is a noble inheritance, not from flesh and blood, but from Spirit.

That is not all that is to be said about our inner nature. Sometimes there come, "through the soul's

east window of divine surprise"—at least to some of us—inrushes, incursions of larger life and power. These mystical experiences are not rare and abnormal. They are quite common and they seem to those who have them to be as normal as the flooding of the lungs with air. In our lungs we bring the red corpuscles of the blood into vital contact with the oxygen of the universe, and so it seems to those who feel invaded that the tiny individual soul is being flooded, vitalized and fortified by the spiritual energies of the World within.

History—I mean of course the historical process rather than the written story—is a progressive and dramatic movement. It is, to be sure, not always onward. Sometimes there have been side currents or back eddies, but on the whole there has been a steady trend from lower to higher levels. It has revealed a moral and spiritual development. Harsh and brutal systems slowly give place to gentler ones. The stars in their courses have all along fought against Sisera and his kind. The way of the transgressor has proved to be not only "difficult," but impossible. The universe is against it. When all the returns are in the transgressor is defeated—he cannot pass. What is "good" has, like Jacob, been *chosen*, and what is "evil" has, like Esau, been *rejected*. Ideals are always being tried out at the judgment seat of history and in the long run the

· fittest ideals survive and prevail. The slow moral
· gains of the ages are saved and accumulated and a
· steady addition is made to the precious stock.

The greatest permanent contribution to the moral and spiritual stock of the world is the supreme literature which the best races have produced. This, together with the noblest art and music, which I am fusing together as a single contribution, is an unending divine revelation. It comes from the Deep and it speaks to that which is deepest in man. The great revealers, as the poet Lowell once said, "speak to the age out of eternity." Here the lonely soul finds a great cloud of witnesses bearing testimony to infinite values and eternal realities. The method of literature is different from that of logic or science, but its authority and persuasiveness are not less but rather greater than the authority and persuasiveness of logic and science. This testimony of genius reaches its summit and apex in the writings of the Old and New Testament which may well be called the literature of the Spirit. It is the clearest proclamation there is of the eternal Spirit working in and through the temporal, of an intelligent Pilot steering the entire process of things.

· But we want to know that at the heart of things there is love and tenderness, that Someone *cares*, takes sides, is with us in our stress and strain and agony, yes, suffers with us in our sin and wayward-

ness, is a Friend, a Father, a Lover of our souls. A God like *that* has broken through into our world and revealed Himself in Christ, in a human Face like ours, in a personal Life which touches our lives at every point. He tallies with what is highest and best in us and He at the same time makes us feel condemned when we live for low and miserable aims that end in self.

Only through a personal Life like that could a God be revealed who would meet all our needs and be completely adequate for us as the Life, the Truth and the Way. Mathematics can be revealed, and is revealed as we have seen, in a world of matter and mechanism. Beauty can be revealed, and is everywhere revealed, in the world of outer Nature, in stars and flowers and dewdrops. But Love can be revealed only in a person with a free and inner life. Justice and moral judgment can be vindicated through historical events. But the spirit of tender patience and of sacrificial sympathy can come only through a personal life and character. Abstract love and theoretical sympathy count for nothing—they are only words. Love, to be love at all, must have the warmth and intimacy of a personal heart that feels and wills and understands. We can take account of energies only where they are concretely organized in some form of matter. We can study life only in concrete types of living

things. We can find a God of Love only in some concrete Person who is divine enough to reveal such perfect traits of character and human enough to be identified with us. All that and more we find in Christ. These are some of the grounds which make me sure of God. I find the most convincing evidences of Him, not in wind or fire or earthquake, but in the quiet testimony of beauty, truth, love, goodness, peace, joy, self-sacrifice and consecration which point to another kind of World within the one we see and touch—a world of Spirit, of Intelligence, of Order, of Organizing Power, a realm which reveals ideals of Goodness.

I think of God, therefore, not as a Being who occupies space, not as seated on a throne in the sky, nor as working like an architect or builder, using external tools and building stuff. I think of Him as Spirit, which does not mean something vague, vapory and ghostlike. We know *spirit* best in our own inner selves. It is what we *are*. It is our intelligence, our aspiration, our ideals, our love of beauty, truth and goodness, our persistent character, our true nature—all we mean when we say, *I am, I will, I love*.

If we hope to find a real God, we must discover that we have a real soul, a spiritual nature which directs and dominates us. If we do not believe that there is something spiritual in our own self, we shall

never really believe that there is something spiritual in our larger universe. Different persons will have different estimates of what is the highest aspect of our inner, spiritual life. Some will say *knowledge*, some will say *love*, some will say *appreciation of beauty*. Others will emphasize *worship*, or *reverence for duty*, or *loyalty*, or *personal devotion*. But we shall all agree, I think, that our inner life, with its aspiration, hopes and joys, coheres and unites to form a single personal self and always looks out beyond itself in ideal directions. That seems to be the very heart and essence of a spiritual life—to be unified, to be personal and to be self-transcendent.

When I think of God as Spirit, then, I think of Him as the Ground and Source of all we can call Mind or Reason in the universe. All the laws and stable principles, all the permanent form and order of the world spring from His Mind, are the operations of His Reason. Beauty, truth, love and goodness, again, can belong only to a Mind. They are not “things,” “chunks of matter,” “dead, material stuff.” They involve and imply attitudes, intentions, appreciations, preferences, ideals, which can exist only where there is a Mind to have them. Obliterate Mind and with it goes all that makes our universe either real or a place where a being like one of us could endure to live—since all the things we live by are things which belong to a Mind or Spirit.

It is no accident that wherever we point the telescope we see beauty, that wherever we look with the microscope there we find beauty. It beats in through every nook and cranny of the mighty world, "in the choir of heaven and the furniture of earth." Truth, too, is not something capricious and accidental. It is not an occasional visitant. The solid frame and structure of the whole system of things speak unvarying *truth*. They do what they promise to do. There is no lie in the entire cosmos. Even its wildest comets follow curves that are true and calculable. They come back when they say they will come back, and here they are on the fraction of a second. Every atom of oxygen is true to every atom of hydrogen. They always make the right response when they meet. In Orion as here on the earth the shortest distance between two points is a straight line! It will continue to be so as long as Mind is Mind. But obliterate Mind and the universe would be totally insane!

But not everything in the universe is God. We shall never find Him by addition. He is not the sum of things, not a vast Pan—All There Is. There are things here that ought not to be here. There are things here which must be combatted, conquered and put down. Some things are good, some things are bad, and some things are on the way to be good. God is that intelligent Spirit who is accomplishing

the good. It is a long, slow, patient task, but on the whole it is going forward, it is getting done. He stands for goodness as completely as He stands for beauty and truth. It must be created, it must be won, it must be achieved. It cannot be ready-made.

Goodness is possible only in a world of contrasts, only in a world where some things are better than other things are. It is possible, too, only where there is a Mind that has a preference, only where there is a Mind that can feel the meaning of *rather*, only where there are ideals. God to be God must transcend *what is*. He must be the maker of what ought to be. He must be leaving the old behind and going on to the new. He must be a forward-moving Spirit, an idealizing Mind. He must be the maker of goals, the creator of onward trails, the builder of unattained purposes, the seer of far-off, divine events. He lives as Spirit and moves as Creative Energy, and realizes that which is always better than the present best. "Thy God is He that goeth before you" is one of the great sayings of Deuteronomy. God is just that; He is the One that goeth on before. Each stage of the creative process prepares for the next. Each epoch of history is a forerunner of a coming epoch. Life is a developing thing, always opening out in new and unpredictable ways, always concealing mysteries and always revealing the unique. God is a God of surprise and won-

der, just because He is Father of the unborn and Maker of the unmade. Every day is a creative day and every moment the Spirit of God broods over the unformed, and breathes breath and life and power into that which is coming forth. Even death may well be only one of His ways forward into fuller life.

I think, then, of God as Spirit and as the ideal-making Mind of the universe. But can we pray to such vastness and immensity? Can we have communion and fellowship with such a mighty, inclusive Spirit that "binds" not only the Pleiades but all the myriad worlds into one coherent whole and that is the present tense of all the eternal years? Well, that God whose Mind is the foundation of all law and order in the universe, and the ground of all spiritual values wherever they emerge in any world, has revealed His Heart and Character to us in a concrete personal life like our own. He has broken through into manifestation, as electricity does when it finds a transmissive instrument, as consciousness does when it finds an organ which can express it. Here at a temporal focus point of history there came One through whose life the essential nature of this spiritual God could break forth and give us light and guidance. He no longer seems remote and awesome with His immensities. He is near and simple and tender. He no longer seems vague and

abstract. He is a Person with a mind and heart and will. He is touched by every human need. He is quick to feel and understand the human heart. He loves and suffers. He forgives and pardons. He reveals a new way of life, a new Spirit, a new type of person, a new redemptive power, a new victory over death and sin. He shows that grace is superior to justice, that love conquers hate, that life is lord of death, that self-giving, not sovereignty, is the mark and badge of the divine nature. I think of God, then, as like Christ. When I turn to Him, He seems no far-away-sky-hidden Deity. He seems to me warm and tender, full of grace and truth, as infinite as the sweep of the universe, but as personal and loving as the Galilean Friend of men.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands or feet.

X

COMPLETE SPIRITUAL HEALTH

X

COMPLETE SPIRITUAL HEALTH

WHEN you discover a person's basic conception of salvation you know fairly well the moral and spiritual height he has attained. There is no better barometer scale of spiritual values. What is true of the individual on this point is in large measure true also of the Church. Its spiritual level is clearly indicated and revealed by its interpretation of salvation.

Salvation has always been at the center of the Christian message. It has been in every generation an essential feature of the gospel—the "good news" to the world. Nor has it been confined to the message of Christianity. Every great religion which has held the loyalty and faith of large groups of men of many races through long periods of time has presented to its adherents a way of salvation. Salvation was the outstanding hope and aspiration in the Greco-Roman world of the first century, and those who responded to the preaching of St. Paul

in the Aegean cities, in Galatia and in Asia Minor were attracted in large measure by his fresh message of salvation. It occupies the central place in the religious interpretations of St. Augustine, Martin Luther and John Wesley. A Christianity that had nothing important to say about salvation for the world to-day would quickly die a natural death and disappear from off the earth.

In spite, however, of the prominent place that salvation has held in the life of the Church through the ages, the conception of it, the message about it, has profoundly altered during the course of Christian history, and even when the words that have been used to express it have remained more or less the same, the *meaning* conveyed by them has often undergone a subtle inner transformation. The changes have usually been in large degree unconscious. They have been gradual adjustments to fundamental changes in world outlook. The nature of the universe that is accepted, the prevailing estimate of man's worth as a person, the dominant conception of government, the social and economic ideals of the time, all prove to be factors that deeply affect and silently shift the way of thinking of salvation, and the goal of life for multitudes of people. This point can be seen and verified in a most interesting way by studying the interpretation of salvation as given by St. Anselm in the eleventh century, by John

Calvin in the sixteenth, by George Fox in the seventeenth and by Phillips Brooks in the nineteenth century. Each one of these great interpreters is absolutely loyal to the original message of salvation in the Gospels and in St. Paul's Epistles and feels sure that he is giving his generation the primitive Christian conception. And yet "salvation" is something different in each interpretation.

The Church to-day finds itself in a world that is very different from the world of Anselm's day, or Calvin's, or George Fox's, or even Phillips Brooks'. There will no doubt always be some churchmen of the scribal type who will insist that alterations in world outlook, changes in scientific conclusions, differences in psychological interpretations of man's nature and new approaches to all problems of life and society have nothing whatever to do with the central features of religion, which, to their mind, must remain everywhere and always *the same*. The sufficient answer to them is that historically it never has done so, and that it could not be a living religion if it did so.

Each age must worship its own thought of God,
 More or less earthy, clarifying still
 With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
 Nor saint nor sage could fix immutably
 The fluent image of the unstable Best,
 Still changing in their very hands that wrought.

Our task is that of trying to discover what a living Church in a world like ours to-day ought to mean by salvation if it proposes to be true to the Christ who is its Head. The most insistent point should be, I feel sure, that salvation must be interpreted to-day in terms of a vital process. We have spiritually outgrown forensic and legalistic conceptions and schemes of salvation. We cannot respond with faith and conviction to a plan of salvation which is expressed in the language of an external transaction after the manner either of an autocratic sovereign or of a judge in a law court. There is not a glimmer of such an idea in Christ's teaching. Nor can we stop, though we may very well begin, with conceptions of "payment of debt," or "satisfaction of justice," or "release from consequences," i.e., punishment, because none of those things is, in any true sense, *salvation*. One would need to be *saved over again* after being saved only that far.

Clement of Alexandria at the close of the second century, before the legal and artificial Latin conceptions of religion had come into vogue, interpreted salvation through Christ to mean complete spiritual health—a life in which all of man's moral and spiritual capacities have been brought into normal function. *God*, Clement says in a famous phrase, *became in Christ like us in order that we might become like Him*. The goal of salvation for Clement is

the attainment of what he loves to call "a harmonized life." He means by it that the entire human self has undergone a new creation and has been reorganized and transformed through the vital work of Christ until the whole personal being has been won over to the practice of goodness which gradually becomes habitual, natural and normal. It is the type of attainment which Aristotle called "moral dexterity of the soul," and which the Psalmist called having "truth in the inward parts," i.e., wrought out into subconscious "second nature," activity or tendency of life. "Doing good," Clement says, "consists in the habit of doing good; not for glory, nor for reputation, nor for reward, either from men or from God—but to be like the Lord." "The true athlete—that is the saved man—is he who *in the stadium of this fair world* is crowned for the true victory over all his passions." This foremost Christian at the close of the second century interprets salvation not in the light of escape, or of freedom from consequences, or of satisfaction of justice, but in terms of a new creation, a new power of life, a new level of personality. It may be said in passing that it was here in Clement that Phillips Brooks fifty years ago got one of the main notes of his vital message.

But the Church has never canonized Clement, and his vital and dynamic message has run some-

what like a submerged stream far below the ecclesiasticism and legalistic systems of the historic Church, as Pharpar and Abana run under the modern city of Damascus. A few have drawn water from his deep-flowing stream, but the main surface current of Christian thought has been different. If the Church to-day is to revive the vital message of salvation and preach it with convicting power, its ministers will need to be convinced that the original interpretation of salvation was in terms of life and experience of a new creation and the power of an endless life. That the original message was life and power can be positively proved. Clement was in this respect not an innovator; he was a faithful waterer of what the founders had planted.

St. Paul always begins his interpretation of salvation with *experience*—his own experience—and not with a theological system. The tremendous fact for him is *the power of God unto salvation*, revealed in Christ. It has operated and is still operating in him, from grace to grace and from glory to glory. In his Epistles he is always interpreting what has happened to him, what he himself has discovered, the fact that the life he now lives is on a new level, characterized by a new dynamic, penetrated with a new spirit and the result of a new creation—"the law—i.e., the dominion—of the spirit of life in

Christ Jesus has set me free from the dominion of sin and death"; "God, who said, Let Light shine out of darkness, hath shined into my heart to give the Light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

When St. Paul sets himself to the task of interpreting the *process* of this salvation it is, as I see it, always a vital thing, never something scribal or forensic. He makes *sin* a more stupendous reality than we incline to do to-day; in fact, one reason for the weakening of the grip of the message of salvation in our time is due to the modern blurring of the fact of sin. For St. Paul sin is a malignant disease, a dominating force, a natural tendency in us which must be met and conquered by a greater power that dominates the will and eventually produces a new triumphant nature. His main problem is the attainment of a real righteousness, which will be recognized not only by men as righteousness but by God as well—a condition of life which he calls "the righteousness of God." It cannot be gained by observing "the law," i.e., by conformity to any external system, however revered and sacred it may be, for such performances do not reach down to the root of the trouble and change the fundamental nature of the man himself; they do not break the power of sin in him or bring into operation any new

energy of will. The spring, or motive, for such acts is still fear of consequences, which can never become a great constructive power of life.

Mere forgiveness of sin by a fiat of God would not do either. God could not treat sin in that easy fashion as though it made no difference. Love itself, if it is to be anything more than a sentimental and mushy love, forbids that rose-water view of sin. The moral nature of the universe condemns it. In some adequate way the sinner must be brought to feel the tragic depth and moral significance of sin. He must, too, be made to *hate* it and revolt from it, and, more than that, he must have born within him a glowing passion for righteousness, goodness and holiness of life.

St. Paul finds the dynamic of such a salvation, the operative power of it, in the sacrificial love of God revealed through the cross of Christ. The Cross reveals for him God in Christ suffering through our sin, taking on Himself the pain and agony of it, bearing the tragic cost of sin, the suffering it entails for a tender, loving Heart. Here in the Cross of Christ the suffering love of God breaks through into visibility. It speaks two things to the responsive beholder: (1) the immeasurable love of God which St. Paul calls Grace, and (2) the awful cost of that spilled ink which we call *sin*.

There is a picture of the crucifixion in one of the

little churches of Italy which shows the nails of the crucifixion driven through the hands and feet of Christ and on through the beams into the hands and feet of God who is seen in the shadow behind the cross. It is of course pictorial and child-minded, but it is the symbolic suggestion of a great reality. If God is really *God* then our salvation in a true sense is bound up with His uncalculating and unlimited Love that suffers in our defeats and throbs with joy in our recovery and remaking.

We know more emphatically than St. Paul did in the first century how conjunct are the individual and the social group to which the individual belongs. We see clearly that there are no sin-tight compartments, in which a person can carry on his sinning without splashing the ink of it and the suffering for it on others besides himself. But St. Paul saw more clearly than we usually do—and Christ saw it still more clearly—that God and man are “conjunct,” and that the cost of sin, the tragedy of it, runs perpendicularly as well as horizontally and involves vicarious suffering both ways.

There is nothing artificial, forensic or legalistic in such a view. It springs out of the very tissue of life itself. If the Church through its ministry could make the Life and Love of God real enough, sin would once more become to men’s consciousness the stupendous fact which it actually is in its upward

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and outward bearing, and salvation would once more be found in the dynamic of that immeasurable Love which Christ has revealed. But nobody could stop, if he saw it all, with an external transaction; he would feel himself compelled to go the whole way on to the new creation and the attainment of complete spiritual health and to the full functioning of all the capacities of the soul which is salvation.

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